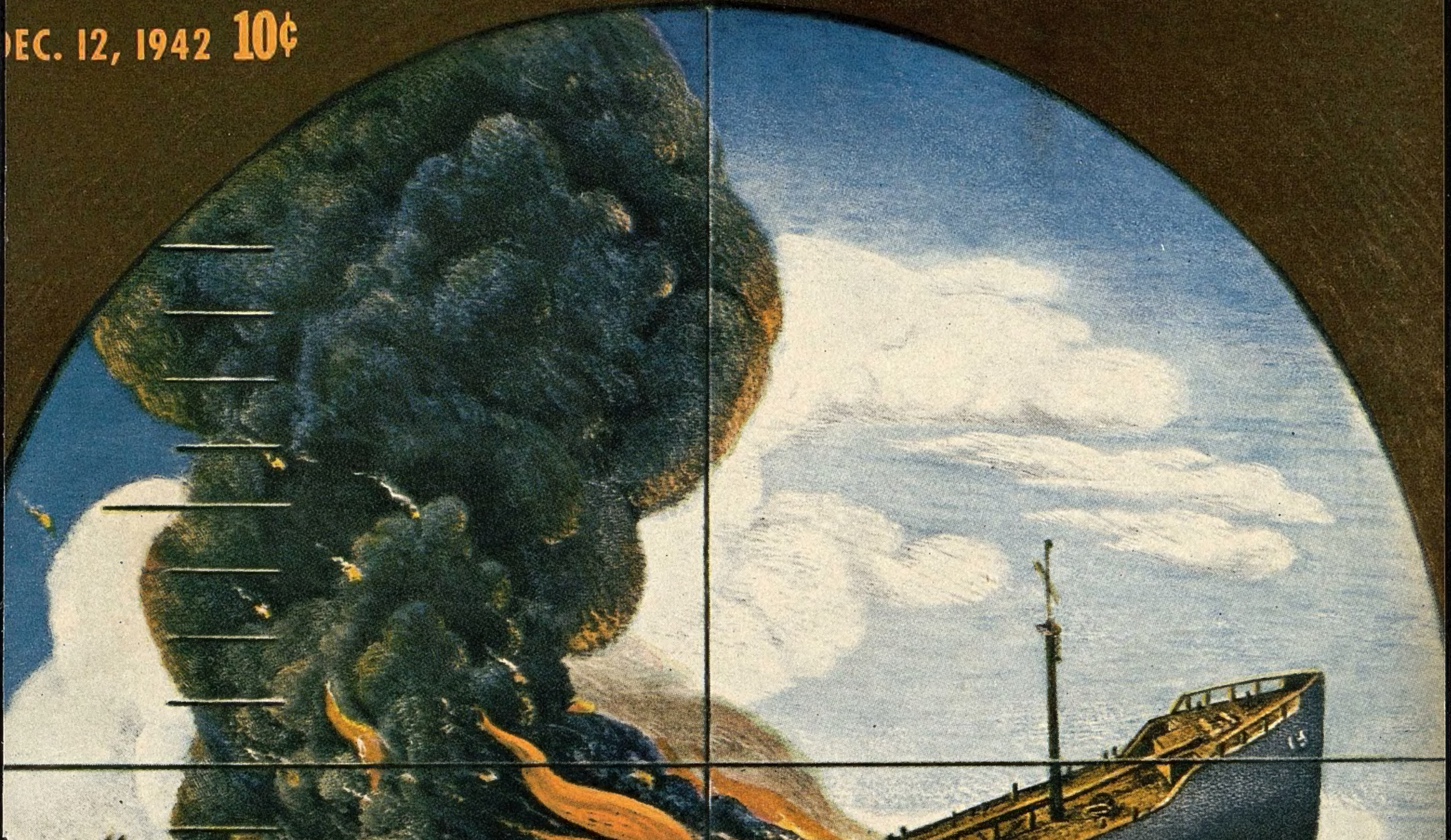
LIBERTY

DEC. 12, 1942 10¢


Ernest Hamlin Baker

VIA U. S. SUB TO JAPAN—AND BACK!

TOLD BY A NAVY SUBMARINE SKIPPER

This photo taken in action in Bataan by U. S. Army Signal Corps

The War isn't fought in Fox Holes alone

IT'S fought in the mind. It's fought with a will to win. It's fought with a belief in a cause worth dying for.

That will, that belief, is known as *morale.*

Our enemies have had years of indoctrination. They have been conditioned to believe themselves part of a "new order" . . . to which the contribution of their lives is small but all-important. They believe themselves cogs in a vast machine.

Our soldiers do not fight that way—because they do not live that way. They believe in the sanctity of the individual. They must be treated as persons.

To maintain their morale in the American way, the USO has devoted all its time and energy since practically the beginning of conscription.

It has done this by staffing and maintaining club houses near all training camps and in outlying possessions of the United States.

Today its work is far greater than ever, its need for funds to carry on more than doubled.

The USO needs your help more than ever before!

High government and military officials—including General MacArthur—have praised the work done by the USO and recognized its importance in the war effort.

But it needs recognition from *you*—recognition in the way of dollars and cents. For the six national agencies which comprise the USO are publicly supported.

Now above all times, to make your dollars count, give to the USO!

Send your contribution to your local USO Committee or to National Headquarters, USO, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

Give to the USO

9 Wartime Lighting Suggestions

Clean lamp bowls and lamp bulbs frequently, to get from 25% to 30% more light from lamps you have.

Use white shades or shades with white linings (re-paint or re-line 'em if necessary). Dark shades waste light.

Place each lamp so it puts no glare in the eyes of either person using it, but keep it near both.

Turn off lamps you are not using. This is one way you can help in the nation's program to conserve materials.

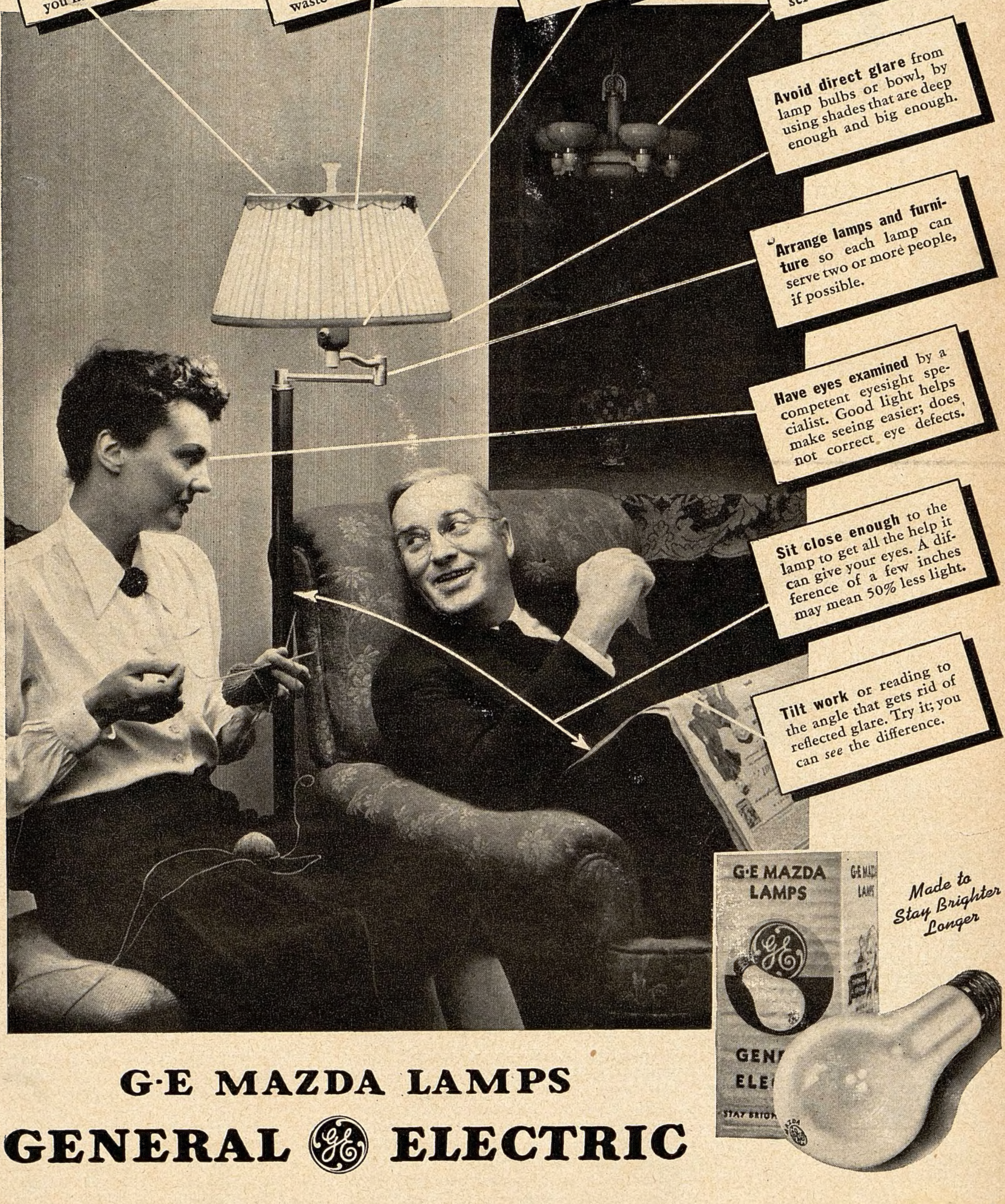
Avoid direct glare from lamp bulbs or bowl, by using shades that are deep enough and big enough.

Arrange lamps and furniture so each lamp can serve two or more people, if possible.

Have eyes examined by a competent eyesight specialist. Good light helps make seeing easier; does not correct eye defects.

Sit close enough to the lamp to get all the help it can give your eyes. A difference of a few inches may mean 50% less light.

Tilt work or reading to the angle that gets rid of reflected glare. Try it; you can *see* the difference.



G·E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Vox Pop

"Voice of the People"

WORTH OF A SLOT MACHINE

Hearne, Tex.—Tell Dorothy Moore (November 7 Vox Pop) that the United States government gets a tax of fifty dollars from each slot machine per year, while the metal in it would be worth six bits.—*Johnny Doe's Brother.*

DEMPSEY WAS SPORTS EDITOR

Jacksonville, Fla.—If it is not too much trouble, could you settle an argument for a couple of sailors? The argument is, Is or was Jack Dempsey sports writer for Liberty?—*Jay Earl.*

TOSSING OIL DRUMS

Akron, Ohio—Sometimes there must be a limit to patience with inaccuracies in stories. I think that Mr. James Edward Grant passed that limit in his concluding installment of Caribbean Patrol (November 7 Liberty).

On page 46 he has the sub broaching "at four thousand yards . . . almost two miles off." Just a slight error!

Then on page 49 (column 1) he has the hero and George tossing oil drums nonchalantly overboard—eighty of them! And in the last paragraph of this column we find that they are "hundred-barrel oil drums." On what meat do they feed? You figure 100 barrels × 55 gallons × 7.2 pounds per gallon— Oh, I give up! Let Grant throw his own oil drums overboard.—*J. F. M.*

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME

St. Vincent, B. W. I.—Overseas Liberty readers should be given a chance to compete in their magazines' competitions. Too bad you closed your War Heroes competition three weeks and two days before my last Liberty reached me.—*George C. H. Thomas.*

SMALL PEBBLE SPEAKS UP

Bellflower, Calif.—Compliments on your editorial, Government and Business (November 7 Liberty). I believe Mr. Hunter's analysis of the condition is true. I also believe that if more men of his reputation will give this subject unbiased study and then express their findings in writing and word of mouth, suspicion will be dispelled, and we, the people, can then devote our entire thought and effort to our business of winning this war and to winning the peace to follow.

I am a very small pebble in America's rock foundation. However, if all individual pebbles and all small and large business-management rocks are shoveled into the hopper of faith in each other, and this faith is cemented with honest articles such as Government and Business, America will be kept united, strong, and free. May Mr. Hunter continue writing such constructive pieces!—*W. A. Johnson.*

BACK AND FORTH

Alplaus, N. Y.—An Arkansan asks, Why do some folks say "head over heels," etc. (November 7 Vox Pop). Now, tell me, why does every one say "back and forth" when you know we would have to go forth before we could come back? So why not "forth and back"?—*Aunt Jane Park.*

FARMER WANTS LOTTERY

Nampa, Ida.—Yes, Vox Pop, let's legalize a lottery. Why not? I'm a farmer, and isn't the farmer the biggest gambler in the world? In the first place, he gambles on the weather; then, after the crops are made, whether he will get anything for them.

For instance, this fall I sold yellow onions at 70 cents per hundred and it cost 85 cents per hundred to grow them. Sometimes the produce won't even pay the freight to its destination. Last fall I had six cars of lettuce and received a bill for freight charges. Two cars of carrots netted $6.25, and cost $600 to grow.

So let's have gambling right.—*A. J. Tucker.*

COCKEYED VERSE

Fresno, Calif.—

Let 'em squawk and let 'em roar,
It's just the nitwits who get sore.
We, the Intelligentsia, wish you
Would print Shane's Cockeyeds every
issue.

—*Mrs. Earl W. Davidson.*

LAMMING LUSCIOUS LOLA

Brockton, Mass.—A great many of us girls here didn't like the opinion of a certain "Luscious Lola," who said that when the war was over the boys would make a beeline for Dixie. (November 7 Vox Pop.)

So the pretty Dixie gals are worried about us! What makes them think they are the cream of the crop? What about all the Southern boys that are really impressed with the Northern girls? Another thought: When the boys come back, they will be much too happy to be home to go dashing down to Dixie.—*Miss New England.*

Home, Sweet, home

HITLER NO. 666?

Sioux City, Ia.—Mrs. Lota Cochran (October 31 Vox Pop) has deciphered Hitler's name, making it correspond to the number 666.

Does she know that in the Book of Revelation (Chapter 13, verse 18), speaking of the antichrist to come, St. John gives 666 as the number of "the beast"?
—*Mrs. W. A. Mohler.*

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Random Harvest
JAMES HILTON

READING TIME • 1 MINUTE 37 SECONDS

I WANT to tell you how I was impressed when I saw the new motion picture, Random Harvest, made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer from the James Hilton novel, with Ronald Colman and Greer Garson starred in the leading parts.

To me Random Harvest is a great love picture and a great war picture. It tells a story that has strong meaning today, when all of us must be ready to sacrifice something of our individual lives for the common cause of victory.

The hero of Random Harvest is a man who lost his personal identity at war, but found a new self through love. The heroine is a woman brave enough to cherish him or give him up, according to his need.

THIS is a real love story, thoughtfully conceived, produced with skill and sympathy, and beautifully acted. The human touches made me laugh. The emotion sent me home with a damp handkerchief. It is a picture that leaves you with a deeper understanding of the human soul...

Greer Garson is fascinating. She makes you realize that women in love are the same in all generations, the same in all wars. Her ability to give audiences the thrill of a profound experience makes her a highly distinguished actress, as every one knows who saw her in Goodbye, Mr. Chips and in Mrs. Miniver. She is at her best in Random Harvest.

Ronald Colman brings rich excitement to the role of a shell-shocked soldier who cannot find words for his love or his ideals. I thought this the finest work of Mr. Colman's screen career...

WATCHING the picture, I recalled a talk I had in London with James Hilton, author of Random Harvest, just before his first visit to the United States. I raved about the California sunshine. "It must be wonderful," said Mr. Hilton, "but I love a London fog and the peculiar mood of lost identity it gives me"... Random Harvest implants that mood in a romantic drama I shall never forget.

RONALD COLMAN • GREER GARSON

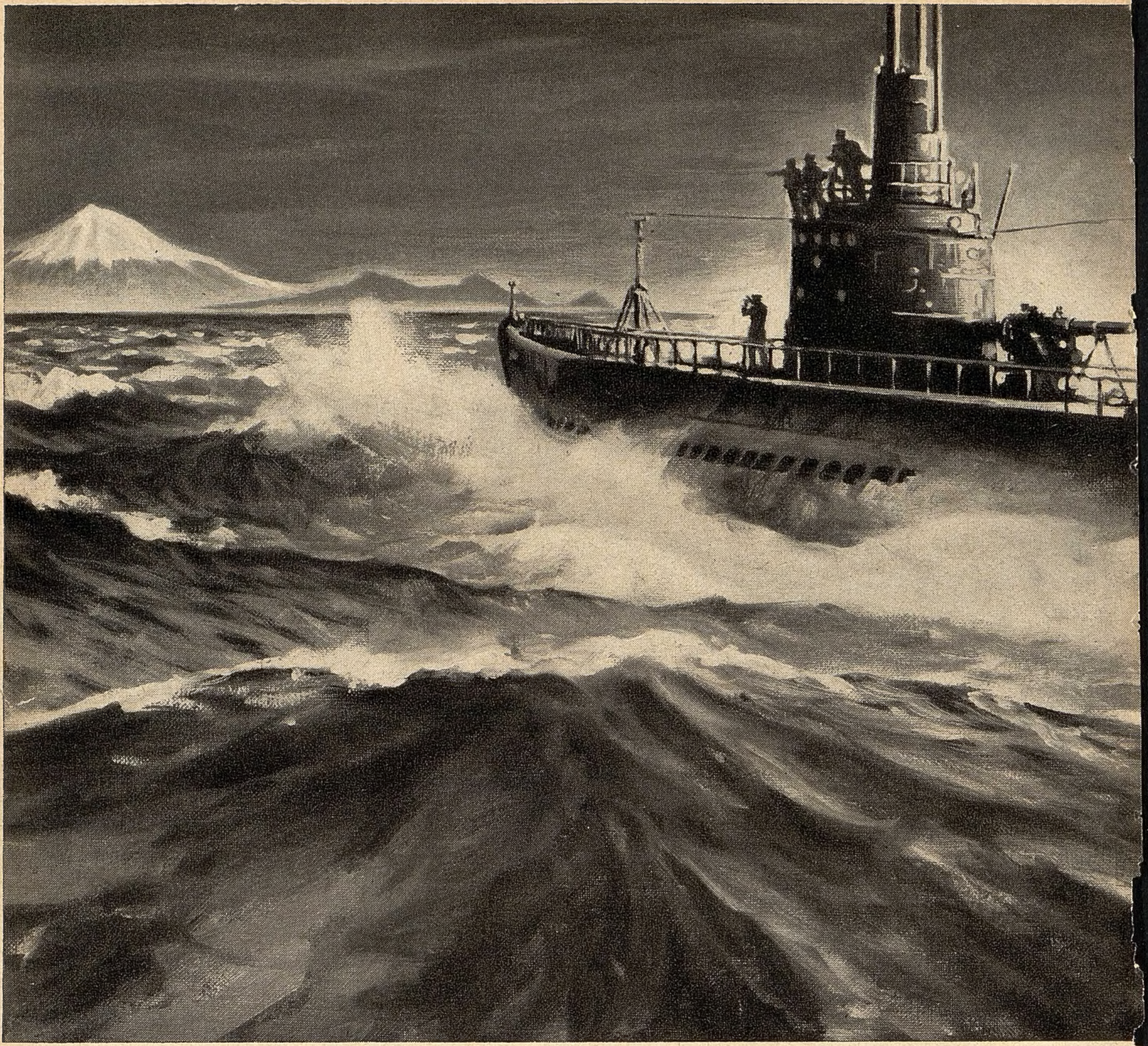
in JAMES HILTON'S RANDOM HARVEST *The Hall of Fame Picture*

Directed by MERVYN LEROY • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

with PHILIP DORN • SUSAN PETERS

HENRY TRAVERS • REGINALD OWEN • BRAMWELL FLETCHER

Screen Play by Claudine West, George Froeschel and Arthur Wimperis • Based Upon the Novel by James Hilton • A Mervyn LeRoy Production • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



I hit the deck with a rush. Ahead of us the dawn is lighting snow-capped mountains. This is Japan.

VIA U. S. SUB T

"HARD right!"

My black fleet submarine spun in the water like a top. White water foamed in a curved wake astern. Blue smoke spit from the Diesel exhaust.

Zoo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooom-*ooooooo.*

The seaplane flashed overhead.

A few hundred feet to port four small spouts rose into the air and spray curled up from the practice bombs.

The gunner's mate swung in his harness behind the machine gun, dry firing, following the plane through the sights.

It was Jack B——, one of my Annapolis classmates, up there fading into the blue. He was squadron commander for four of our seaplanes. It was his job in this practice mission to find and bomb us. It was my job to duck.

This was my first command, this black undersea shark, commissioned only a few months ago and turned over to me on the continental West Coast.

Now we were out here in the Hawaiian area, practicing grimly for the war which all of us navy men expected.

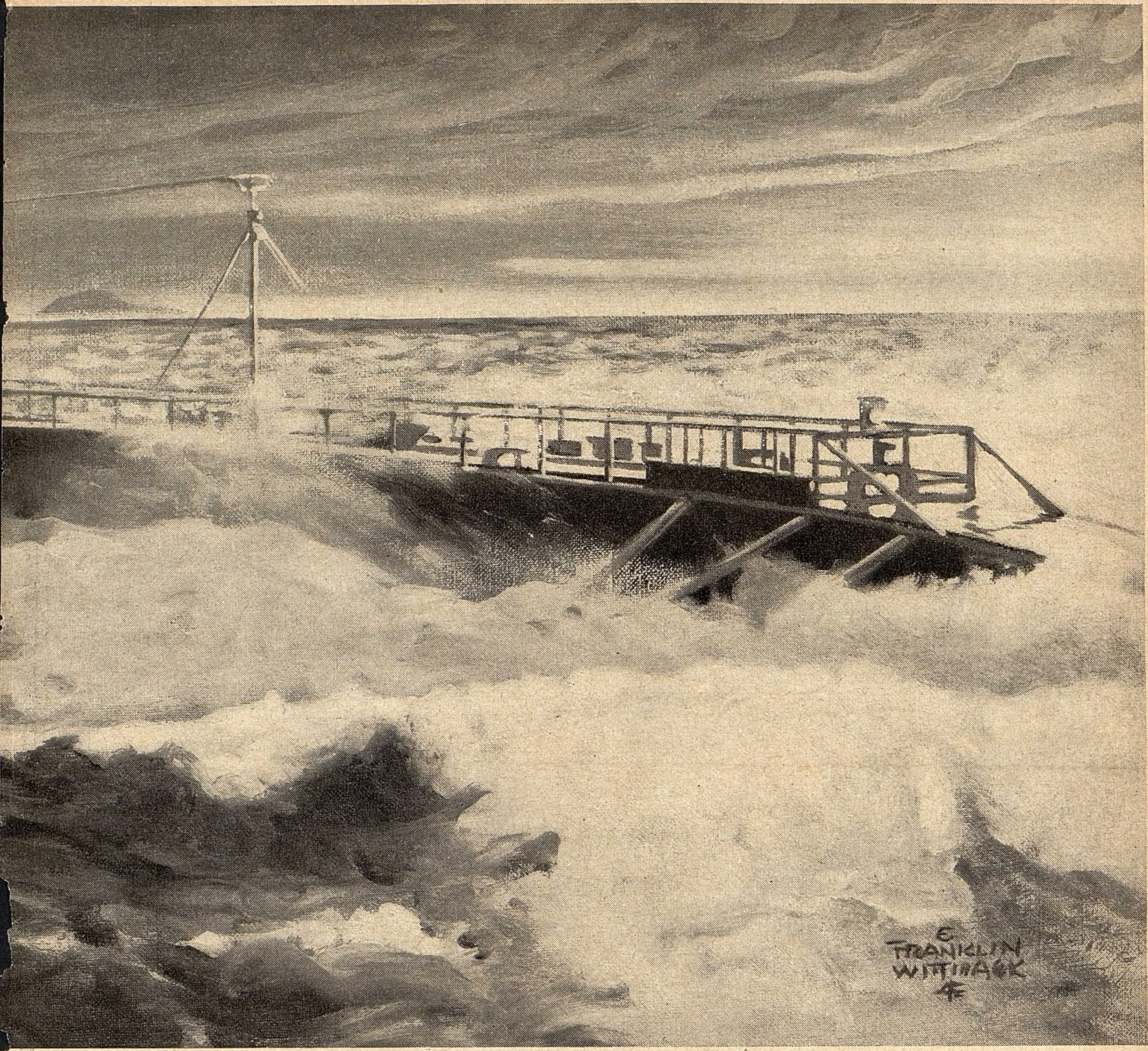
Zoo-ooom-zoo-ooom-zoo-ooom.

Jack's squadron mates swept down on us out of the sun. They were spotting the water with practice bombs. My orders to the wheel cracked out.

It was a great crew I had. And the submarine—call her the Eel—well, she was like my wife to me. I was so proud of her I nearly popped the buttons from my chest when I took command.

Now we were in the Hawaiian area. A score of war heads for my torpedoes were under the hatch. I had loaded them at Seattle. Call it a hunch or whatever you will. We had reports of raiders in the South Pacific, German raiders, when I shoved off. I

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES



No Rts

JAPAN—AND BACK!

BY A NAVY SUBMARINE SKIPPER

as told to Stanton Delaplane

took the war heads aboard on my own responsibility.

Up in the sky Jack's radioman began blinking his light.

"Dive."

That was my cue to dive and let them begin practice trailing me, a black shadow in the clear blue Hawaiian water.

It was 8 A. M., December 7, 1941.

The planes swung lazily overhead as I followed them with my binoculars. This was our last patrol. We were due home during the middle of December, home for Christmas. The crew was overeager to complete our problem and get under way.

It was true we navy men expected war with Japan. But Kurusu was in Washington. And it looked as though the State Department might hold the Japs off for a while.

Our wives had come in from all parts of the country to our West Coast base for Christmas. In a few hours we would be refueled at Pearl Harbor, and then home.

Zoo-oooom.

One of the planes came out of the sun. The gunner's mate swung behind his sights.

The radio room flashed up an urgent dispatch:

"Captain, a dispatch just came direct. Pearl being bombed by Jap planes."

I looked at the executive officer. "Bunk!" crossed both our minds. The air was filled with scares. Probably a drill, I thought. Something the admirals dream up at night to toughen the crews at sea.

"How did it come?"

"Plain language," said the radioman.

It clicked with me right there that this was the real thing. The Navy Department would never have sent such a message out of code unless it was urgent—and true. The Japs had an ear to our radios too. You could

(*Continued on page 55*)

Beginning a vivid novel of the birth of America, in which a strange pattern of romance is woven into the grim tapestry of war . . . A love story that will tug at your heart

BY ELSWYTH THANE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

DAWN’S EARL

HE stood remote and alone amid the cheerful bustle of the dock at Yorktown. Round his feet in their silver-buckled shoes was stacked enough luggage for two men. Behind him rose the proud sharp prow and slender spars of the Mary Jones, which had brought him across the Atlantic from Southampton.

The hot Virginia sun was in his eyes below the point of his tricorne. He wore his own brown hair, unpowdered and tied with a black ribbon. His blue broadcloth coat and knee breeches were London cut, making the most of his rather overgrown height, his narrow waist and straight back. He would have, if he ever filled out a bit, an excellent leg. It was his twenty-first birthday.

Patiently in the pelting sunlight he surveyed the ambling colored longshoremen who threw ropes to one another or passed heavy boxes from hand to hand in a sweating chain. To look at him, one would never have guessed at the hollowness of his inside.

He was not new to travel. Since childhood he was accustomed to see strange sights and smell strange odors and hear strange speech. But now, at the beginning of a new year of his life, he stood on the threshold of a new continent, quite alone. He felt the way he had felt on his first day as a student at Winchester. He felt the necessity of a stiff upper lip.

Finally a man a little older than himself, with a thin sun-browned face and clear blue eyes, approached him through the confusion.

“You must be Julian Day,” he said, and the tall boy bowed. “I’m Sprague, from Mr. Wythe’s law office in Williamsburg. Mr. Wythe did me the honor to send me down to welcome you and your father to Virginia.”

“That is very kind. My father died at sea.” The simple words fell gently into the clamor all about them.

Young Mr. Sprague’s sympathy sprang quick and sincere. “My dear fellow,” he said, and set his hand briefly on the dark blue sleeve. “I’m sorry, I—can’t seem to think of the right thing to say. I’m sure Mr. Wythe will be most distressed to hear—and the people at the college too, of course—” He broke off to beckon to a young colored giant in livery who waited near by. “Joshua, put Mr. Day’s boxes into the wagon,” he said, and, with his hand still under Julian’s elbow, moved down the dock toward the coach which stood in the road at the end.

“I have engaged rooms for you in Williamsburg,” Sprague said, as they rolled away from the dockside and took the road which led along the shore toward the capital.

“Thank you,” said Julian, and added, “I shall have to make plans very soon. The Mary Jones sails for Plymouth in a fortnight’s time, and I—”

“Oh, come now, Mr. Day, give us a chance!” cried Sprague. “You might like it here! Look!” He gestured through the coach window.

Gripping the leathern strap which hung beside the window, Julian looked out.

“It’s very—big,” he said inadequately, and Sprague gave a shout of laughter.

“Of course it’s big. It’s America, man! It’s so big we aren’t quite sure where it ends! Think of it—Virginia has no western boundary line!”

“But—surely there are maps,” Julian began. “I saw maps in London—”

“Guesswork!” Sprague waved them aside. “West of the Cumberlands—all guesswork!”

“Yes, I suppose it must be,” Julian agreed, and sat a moment watching the forest which now obscured the river for a space. West of the Cumberlands boundless forest, boundless frontier, peopled by savages, bristling with unthinkable dangers, dreary with hardships impossible to conceive. And here on the fringes of that unpenetrated wilderness, along the great tidewater rivers, a precarious civilization hanging on by its eyelashes, only recently beginning to be sure that it would not be wiped out between sunset and dawn. Something that was not fear, as fear—something that had little to do with his own personal safety—ran like a chill flame along his spine, a sense of the awful vastness to the west crisping all his nerves. . . . “About the lodging you have found for me,” he heard himself saying, “the fact is, we had very little money left after we had bought our passage. My father expected—that is, we thought that with his post at the college assured— The fact is,” he began again, “I shall have to find some way of earning my passage home before I can go.”

“And a good thing, too!” said Sprague. “By that time you may decide to stay here, like me. Man, America is the greatest thing that has happened to England since we beat the Spanish under Elizabeth! The New World! A new world just for the taking, and enough of it for everybody!”

READING TIME ● 44 MINUTES

“There is certainly enough of it,” Julian agreed, dazed.

For nearly twelve miles they drove through the forest, leaving the gleam of the river behind them. It was plain that Sprague was anything but homesick, but he craved news of London nonetheless. Was the King really a little mad? Well, one did hear rumors, didn’t one? And what about that new singer from Bath—Elizabeth Linley—was she as lovely as they said?

Sprague’s eager questions and easy laughter, the whole vital, youthful quality of the man, left Julian feeling somewhat old and staid and bewildered. What a friend, he found himself thinking, what a friend to have at one’s back these days. His itinerant boyhood, spent at the heels of a scholarly father always in pursuit of further learning abroad, had left him rather empty of friendships hitherto. Always one moved on. And now, at the back of beyond, one came upon this man Sprague, who in some mysterious way made one feel less alone in the world. . . .

Almost without warning the coach swept around a corner and into a broad tree-lined avenue.

“That was the Capitol,” said Sprague, for it was already behind them. “The palace will be on your right—” He leaned across Julian to hang out of the window. “By Jove, there’s a crowd around the Raleigh Tavern! That means more news. We heard yesterday morning that the port of Boston is to be closed on June first and British troops are encamped on the Common.” He turned suddenly, fixing his level, uncompromising gaze on Julian’s face. “Just where do you stand?” he inquired, and added belatedly—“if you don’t mind my asking.”

“Well, I—” Julian began, rather at a loss.

“You’ve heard, I suppose, about Boston’s dumping all that tea into the harbor?”

“Yes—we heard about that before I left London.”

“Well?” queried Sprague, watching him.

LIGHT

"Well, I—we thought it was a pity in a way, as it seemed needless affront to the government."

"You're bound to be a Tory, of course, with your background."

"You mean you personally subscribe to that Boston affair?"

"We can be pushed just so far," said Sprague darkly, as the coach stopped. "Well, here you are!"

They had turned another corner off the main avenue, and halted before a low white house with green shutters and a graceful pillared doorway. Julian descended from the coach and looked about him.

"Why, this is charming," he said. "There's even a garden."

"What did you expect, man, a circle of huts inside a stockade?"

The white paneled door with its shining brass knocker was opened by a fresh-faced woman in sprigged muslin, who welcomed him cordially and drew him into a square hall from which an oak stair angled upward.

My father died at sea. Once more Julian said those five dreadful words, and endured Mrs. Hartley's motherly condolence. Then Sprague accompanied him to his room, Joshua brought up the luggage, and a trim smiling colored girl came in with a jug of hot water and fresh towels.

"Is that girl a slave?" asked Julian, when she had gone.

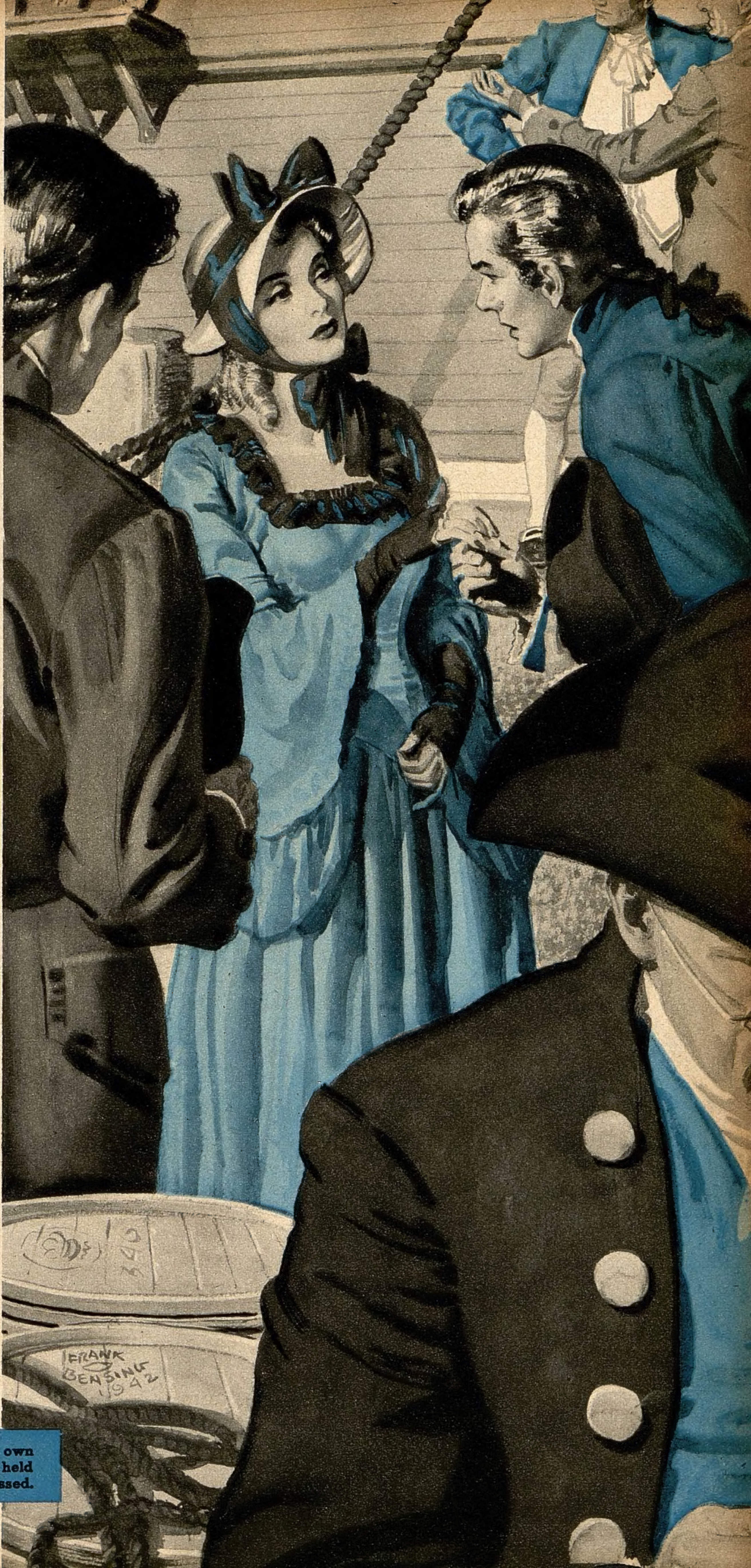
"She is," Sprague assented, smiling. "Would you prefer to be waited on by a bond servant whose skin is the same color as yours?"

"I don't think I have a prejudice against slavery," Julian denied with a certain stateliness. "Doubtless out here one becomes accustomed to it. I was surprised to hear Dr. Franklin say that not one in a hundred families in America owns a slave. One had the impression that it was almost a universal practice."

Sprague gazed at him from the window seat with a mixture of awe and delight.

"You've heard Dr. Franklin!" he exclaimed. "In London?"

"Why, yes. He and my father were friends. It was Dr. Franklin who was really responsible for our coming to



"I prefer to form my own opinions," she said, and held out her hand to be kissed.

Virginia. He says there should be no politics and no national frontiers in learning. My father wanted to make of himself a sort of link between the college here and the universities at home, in the hope of a better understanding—" He turned away suddenly toward the wardrobe and hung up a coat with care.

"Did you see Dr. Franklin often?"

"Fairly often. At a sort of club that meets every other Thursday at the coffeehouse in Ludgate Hill. I went there with my father."

"There's something rather like that here, too," said Sprague. "In the Apollo Room at the Raleigh. Tom Jefferson lets me go with him sometimes. You must meet Jefferson." Sprague rose. "I'll be off now and leave you in peace to settle in. But I'll come back in about an hour's time if you will do me the honor to have supper with me at the Raleigh?"

"Thank you," said Julian, with a little formal bow.

"I'm going back there now," Sprague said. "It looks as though the House has risen. Jefferson said they were going to propose a day of fasting and prayer for June first. The governor wouldn't like that!"

"Couldn't he forbid it?"

"Certainly he could!" Sprague's strange, innocent eyes were bright with laughter. "But that wouldn't stop it!"

OVER supper in the taproom at the Raleigh, Julian learned more of Sprague's background. Orphaned as a child in England, he was the sole heir of his childless Uncle Colin, who had been one of Virginia's many planter-lawyers.

When Uncle Colin died three years ago, young Sprague had come out from England to settle the estate. He had fallen in love, as he said, with America, and resolved to stay in Williamsburg. He lived with his Aunt Anabel in a house in Francis Street. Next year his sister Dorothea, just turning sixteen, would come out from her grandmother's London establishment to join him. He had hoped to have a letter from her by the Mary Jones.

They exchanged views on the touchy question of politics without rancor. Each was too full of curiosity regarding the other's beliefs for shortsighted wrangling. Julian's impression that the Virginia colony was closer in thought and social standing to the mother country than the Massachusetts troublemakers was confirmed by Sprague, who nevertheless seized the opportunity to point out that it would be a mistake to assume that Virginia did not identify herself with Massachusetts in the struggle.

"Liberty companies are drilling all over New England now. But don't think they won't find their counterparts, if need be, in the Virginia militia companies under one of the best soldiers in the colonies—George Washington!"

"You have an *army* here?" asked Julian, astonished.

"We have militia. And we have officers trained in the Indian wars. Washington was a colonel before he was twenty-three."

A hand fell on his shoulder, and they looked up to see Captain Barry of the Mary Jones standing over them.

"Here ye both are at last!" he roared at quarterdeck pitch. "Looked everywhere for ye at the dock! What will ye give me, Mr. Sprague, for these two letters from London?"

"Whatever you'll have, captain! Won't you join us?" Captain Barry said he hadn't rightly started drinking yet, having a few more things to see to. "So they're at it again in there, I hear!" he added, jerking his head toward the closed door of the Apollo Room. Sprague grinned and nodded.

When the captain had left, Julian turned to Sprague and indicated the letters on the table with a smile.

"Don't delay longer on my account. You will be anxious to learn the news."

"This one is from Dorothea," said Sprague, and put the other away into his pocket. "Hers are always entertaining. I'll share it with you." He slid his finger under Dorothea's pale green wafer and read the closely written pages quickly, a smile on his lips. He looked up to find Julian watching him enviously. On one of his generous impulses, Sprague held out the letter. "Here, read it yourself—it will do you good," he said.

"My dearest Sinjie," the letter began—and Julian stuck there, characteristically unable to go on until all was clear to him.

"What does she call you?" he inquired with a puzzled look, and Sprague laughed.

"My name is St. John," he explained.

Enlightened, Julian read on:

My dearest Sinjie:

Captain Barry has just called with your letter, and says he will bring you one back from me if I have it ready by Friday.

I loved having one from you. The time gets very long and I miss our foolish fun together as one misses the sun.

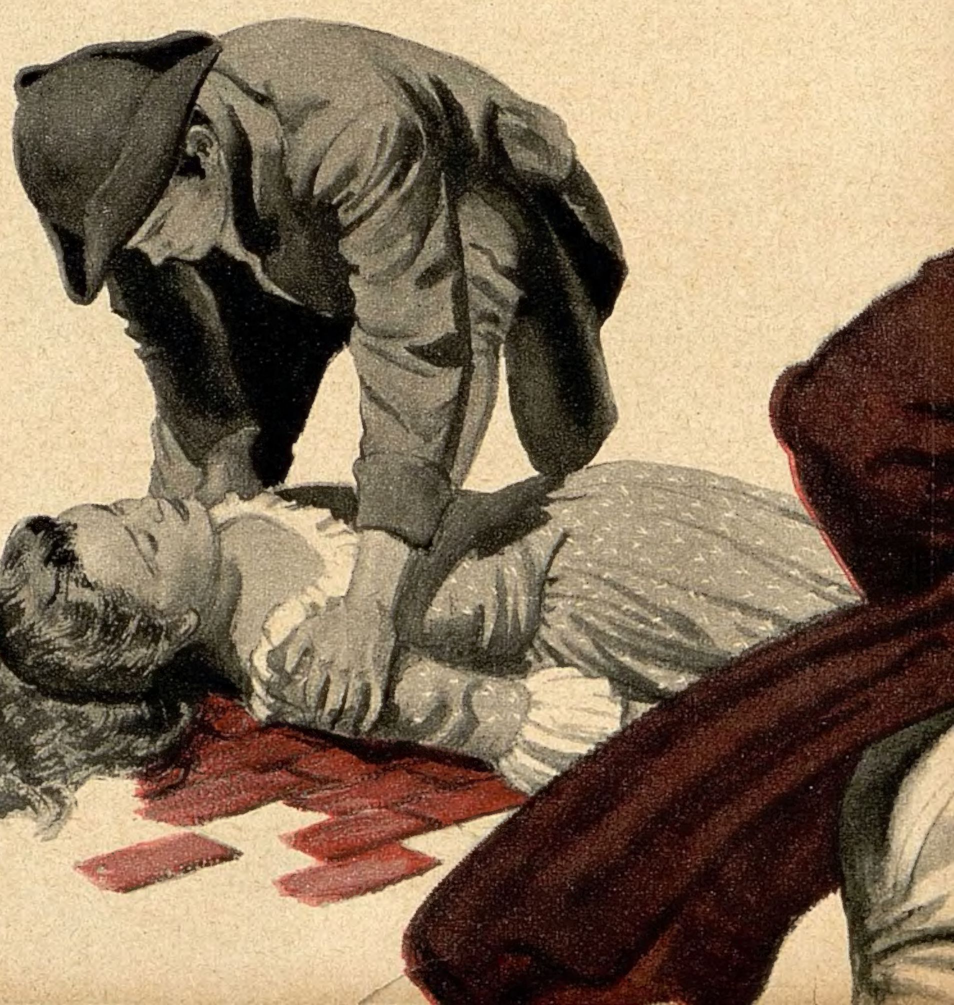
Lady Cathcart descended upon us yesterday and told granny she was *mad* to think of letting me sail to join you at Williamsburg. Granny said "Poppycock!" and that if there *was* any trouble it would only be up in New England, which every one knew was peopled by the scum of the earth, and that Virginia was civilized and charming and I should be perfectly safe with you. Lady Cathcart *bristled*, because her brother lives in Boston and writes dismal letters, not a bit like yours, all about what is the world coming to, and the King really must put his foot down, etc., etc.

Granny and I quite realize that there can't really be a war, because the colonists are English, after all, just like us here at home—much more English than the King, so far as that goes!

Darling Sinjie, I can hardly wait to see you again. My loving duty to Aunt Anabel and all my heart to you.

Your devoted sister, **DOROTHEA.**

Julian finished the letter slowly, folded it with care, and returned it.



"Why, you —" Sprague's fist smashed home against the drunkard's jaw.

"She must be a most unusual girl," he said.

"She is," smiled Sprague. "And you can talk to her about anything you like. I always have. I'll wager she knows more about the colonial situation than you do!"

"That wouldn't be difficult," Julian assented ruefully. "What did Captain Barry mean when he said they were at it again in there?"

"He meant the meeting in the Apollo Room," Sprague explained. "That's where the burgesses go when the governor dissolves 'em, which he did again today for that June first resolution. Lord knows what they're cooking up now. That's the heart of Virginia beating in there. Those are the men I want you to meet."

Julian looked alarmed.

"I don't think my opinions—" he began.

"Your opinions are the sort they will want to hear."

The door of the Apollo Room opened on the scraping of chairs across the floor, and Sprague's head jerked up like a deer's to the wind. "Here they come! The meeting is over. You must be introduced to Jefferson. I'll try to bring him here."

Almost the last thing Julian wished for was an encounter with the great men of Virginia, especially in his present bewildered frame of mind; but he watched helplessly while Sprague crossed the room and joined a group of men around the door.

Electricity was in the air at the Raleigh as the Apollo Room quickly emptied.

"Tom Jefferson is pleased," said a lowered voice behind Julian as a man who had just passed through the group at the door took a seat at a table near by. "They're up to something, no mistake!"

"Patrick Henry's the man for me!" an uneducated accent from the frontier broke in. "Nothing fancy about *'im!* He says it will be war before we're done, and send it come soon. I ain't so young as I used ter be! The King wants to learn us a lesson, does 'e! Well, let 'im send 'is lobsterbacks down 'ere into Virginia, why don't 'e? *We'll* show 'em what's what—"

"All right, dad, all right—have another."

"Sure thing I'll have another! And not to drink no 'ealth to George, neither! 'God save the King' in a pig's eye! *I* say, God save Mashachu—Massashu-shetts! God save Boston!"

No one opposed him, no one demurred. There was easy laughter and the clinking of tankard lids, while Julian listened in chilled surprise. Surely things were much worse in the colonies than any one in England supposed. There was a conviction in London that the colonists were cowards and would not face out a determined show of force. Some one ought to tell them about Patrick Henry, and Washington, and St. John Sprague, and the man called "dad." These were not men who feared a fight.

Sprague was returning across the room with three other men. Julian gathered himself together and rose, feeling gauche and conspicuous and very uncertain of himself. Introductions were made. Mr. Wythe—handsome, elderly, gracious, reassuring; Mr. Jefferson—tall, sandy, a little appraising; Mr. Henry—gaunt, preoccupied, almost shabby in his dress.

More chairs were dragged up, wine and tobacco were brought, the talk was relaxed and friendly—but Julian felt their eyes waiting on him. Mr. Wythe's sympathy for Julian's loss was simple and sincere. And he at once suggested that Julian call on him in the morning to discuss taking over at least temporarily a small boys' school whose dominie was recently too old and ill to continue. When that had been arranged—

"Perhaps Mr. Day will tell us," said Patrick Henry, fingering his glass, "what the feeling of the people in England is about America. Where do they take their stand?"

"I'M afraid the people as a whole have very little idea what is going on here," Julian told them cautiously. "They don't read enough. In fact, there hasn't been enough written. That is why Dr. Franklin urged my father to keep a journal, on his arrival here, as a foundation for a modern history of America—but that, of course, is all lost now."

"It need not be," Mr. Wythe objected, with his keen, kind gaze. "Why don't you undertake such a work in your father's place?"

"But I—have no experience, no—judgment for such a book. I am—well, too young to express opinions. I—"

"This is a young country, Mr. Day," Jefferson reminded him, with a smile, and went on, "Such a history happens to be a favorite project of my own. But I shall never have the time, I'm afraid. Please consider my library at your disposal."

"And mine!" smiled Mr. Wythe.

The offers comforted Julian beyond anything which had happened yet. He knew his way around a library and felt at home there.

"You make it sound very feasible," he said.

"Then you mean the people of England don't really care what happens here." Patrick Henry jerked the conversation back to the only subject which interested him. "That is very shortsighted of them, to say the least. Even Burke has warned that proscription of a province will end in proscription of a nation! I hear that the King's private bill for bribery in the next election will keep his tradesmen waiting again!"

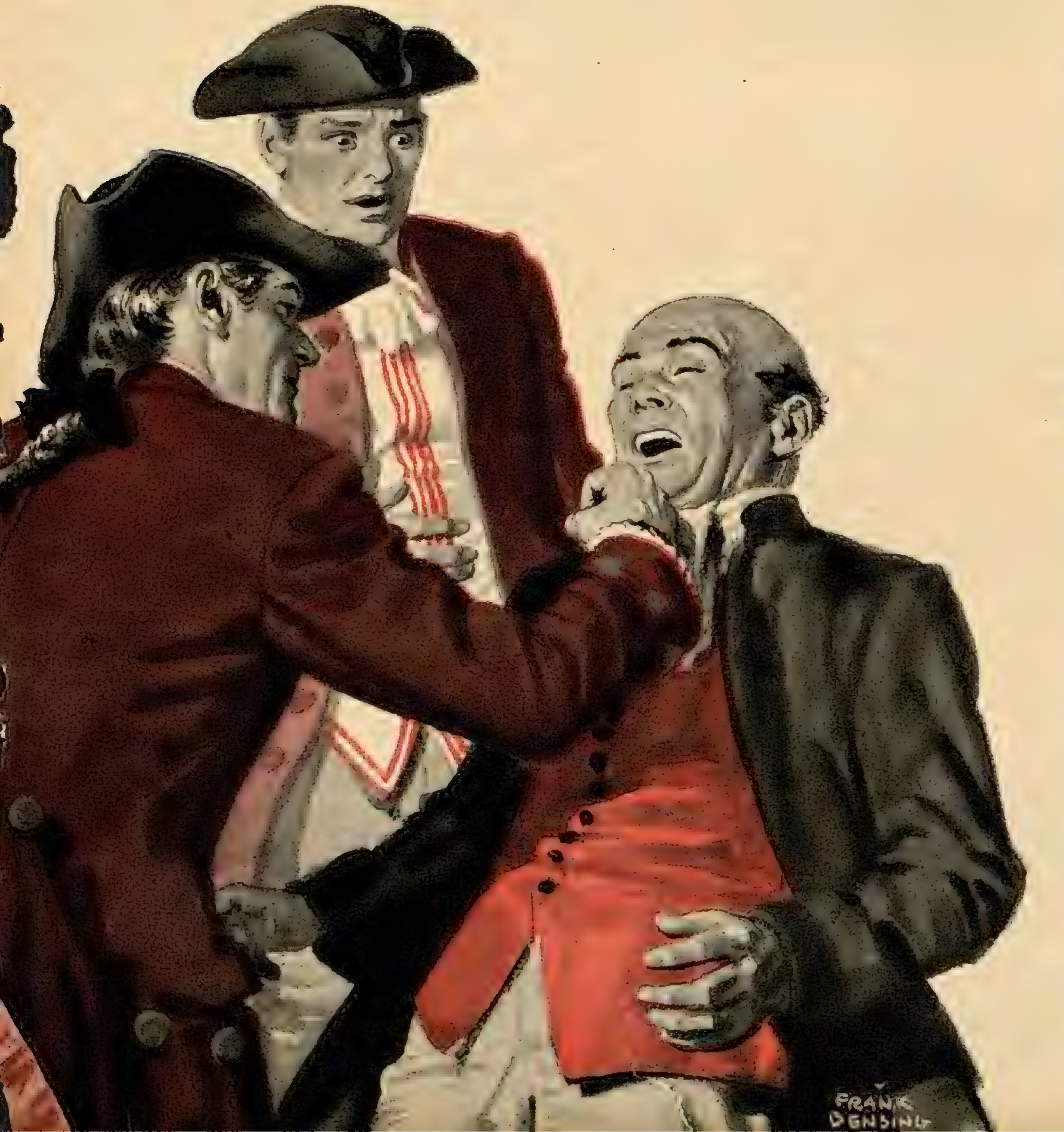
"There is nothing really new about royal bribery," Julian objected mildly. "It did not originate with George III. He is more open about it, that's all."

Henry gave him a knifelike look.

"I see you have caught us a full-fledged Tory, Mr. Sprague," he said bitterly.

"No, I'm not a Tory," Julian denied

(*Continued on page 37*)



WAR CAN'T STO

You can still buy Christmas toys this year, but you can ha the added fun of making them, too . . . Here are some ide

IF there's anything especially American about Santa Claus it's his bounce. Boy, can he get up off the canvas and move in with both fists swinging! Here it is almost Christmas time, and he's right on the job. Early this year a lot of people were saying that poor old Santa got kayoed at Pearl Harbor. But, like the skinflint who fired his shotgun outdoors and then told the kids that Santy had committed suicide, they were in error.

Short on rubber, tin, steel, aluminum, and paint—among other things—St. Nick has had his headaches all right. To be sure, some of his millions of helpers in factories, shops, and warehouses have put aside their red-and-white uniforms for the khaki of Uncle Sam or the overalls of war production. But new millions are springing to the rescue.

Christmas, 1942, has two sides. First, there will be plenty of toys on store counters and shelves. They won't all be the same as in other years and some things will be all gone when tardy shoppers arrive. But there will be toys, lots of 'em. Secondly, there is a nation-wide rebirth of old-fashioned Yule ideas, with all sorts of fathers and mothers revealing unsuspected talents at whipping out homemade playthings.

It will be a bleak Christmas for thousands of fathers who always count on buying their sons electric trains and then camping on the floor all day themselves. The Lionel Corporation, top manufacturer in this field, is now making nautical instruments, but, even so, it is planning to take on the customary additions to the office force to handle the floods of Christmas letters that read: "I want to buy my husband a train for Christmas. He used to work on the B. & O. and can't forget trains."

Thanks to Hitler and Hirohito, there will be fewer electric trains, bicycles, and steel coaster wagons this year—only those made many months ago, as a matter of fact. But wait until you get into the stores and take a look at the marvelous toys of wood, glass, paper, and other substitute materials! Last March, at the New York Toy Fair, James L. Fri, head of the Toy Manufacturers of the U. S., Inc., declared: "Frankly, we don't know what is going to happen to our business, but there's one thing you can be sure of: we'll find toys for the children somehow." That promise has been kept.

The toy business is unlike any other. "It's a corned-beef-hash business," said one man. "Walk downtown from Forty-second Street and watch the gutters. Pick up a match card here, a piece of tin foil there, some wood, some paper, bits of glass, tin, and whatever else you find. Before you get to Fourteenth Street you've got the stuff to start a toy business."

That's a slight exaggeration, though it is true that thousands of different toys come from "junk." General Motors once thought of going into the toy business to use up their tons of scrap, and when they decided against it, a hundred toy manufacturers breathed easier, for their sole source of materials was this automotive giant. But a big new source has just been tapped. Thousands of fathers and mothers, participants in big salvage drives around the country, found attics, closets, and cellars crammed with forgotten remnants of cloth, lengths of string, rolls of shelf paper and linoleum, pieces of wood, and with typical American zeal they are making things of the materials not turned over to Uncle Sam.

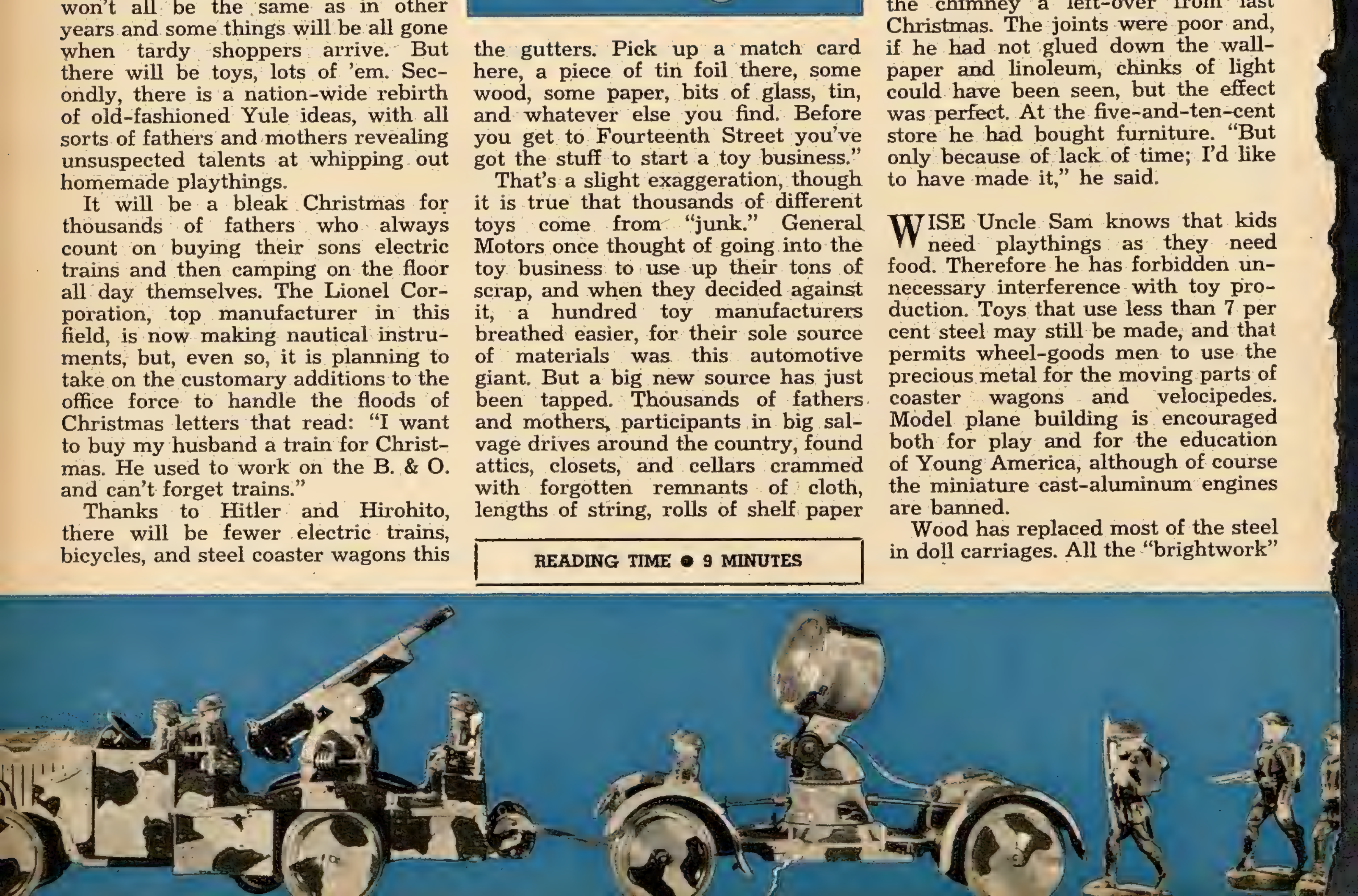
READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES

Yes, there will be shortages this year, all the way from rubber balloons to velocipedes and from Erector sets to Christmas-tree tinsel. But there will be a pile of other things under the tree on Christmas morning. In our industrial age we've been depending more and more on store-bought gadgets to fill Christmas stockings and youngsters' hearts, and some of the old-time joy has been going. Now it's coming back. It's a whale of a lot of fun to make something with your hands and watch your child enjoy it.

"I haven't made anything with my hands since my high-school manual-training days," I heard a young father say the other day. As he spoke he was straightening his bent back, massaging a hammered finger. There was adhesive tape on his thumb. But he looked down proudly on the dollhouse he had built in two weeks of evenings on the basement floor. The boards were from packing boxes, the linoleum from an old kitchen job, some shelf paper from a closet-fixing task, the facsimile red-brick paper on the chimney a left-over from last Christmas. The joints were poor and, if he had not glued down the wallpaper and linoleum, chinks of light could have been seen, but the effect was perfect. At the five-and-ten-cent store he had bought furniture. "But only because of lack of time; I'd like to have made it," he said.

WISE Uncle Sam knows that kids need playthings as they need food. Therefore he has forbidden unnecessary interference with toy production. Toys that use less than 7 per cent steel may still be made, and that permits wheel-goods men to use the precious metal for the moving parts of coaster wagons and velocipedes. Model plane building is encouraged both for play and for the education of Young America, although of course the miniature cast-aluminum engines are banned.

Wood has replaced most of the steel in doll carriages. All the "brightwork"



SANTA CLAUS

BY EDMOND S. FISH

—the chrome-plated parts—is gone, and tires are made only of reclaimed rubber. Breaking into the limelight again are the old-fashioned wicker carriages—really they're fiber.

Although there is gloom among makers of sleds, sleighs, cycles, and other toys that require metals, all is not lost. Twentieth-century kids have been badly spoiled in such things as sleds. Who knows but that they'll discover lots of fun can be had in a wooden soapbox with a couple of one-inch strips of wood nailed like runners on the bottom? This sled won't set any speed records downhill, but it's all that is necessary as a snow-ice vehicle for baby if daddy is willing to pull on a rope. And if he smooths those runners with a plane and some sandpaper and paints up the box, children up to ten will be proud to coast with their friends in it.

It was this kind of ingenuity that led an Ohio father some years ago to make a funny little stroller for his son. He built it along the lines of an underslung high chair, hugging the ground on its two-inch wheels. He attached a long handle on the back for an adult's use. He installed a foot pan to keep Junior's feet from dragging, but made it removable so Junior could learn to walk by propelling himself without danger of falling. There's a big factory in Cincinnati making these things today.

Experts say that the only good toy is a brightly colored toy, and that has caused a lot of sleepless nights. Look what you need for good finishes: nitrocellulose, phenol, tung oil, alcohol, formaldehyde, lead, zinc, and aluminum pigments. But nitrocellulose is used in high explosives, alcohol is used as gunpowder solvent, formaldehyde and phenol are required for picric acid and nitrocotton, and the metallic pigments are obviously as scarce as hen's teeth. Here, then, it was necessary for Santa Claus to do some bouncing. South American fish and vegetable oils replaced Chinese tung oil; petroleum solvents replaced alcohol, and so on. New colorings have already been used.

War or no war, the maternal instinct goes right on, so Santa will permit no shortage of dolls for little girls. On bygone Christmas Days there were Jap dolls, German dolls, Czech dolls, and others. One of the toy men said recently, "The American girl has been accustomed to about a dozen dolls. This year she'll get fewer, but they'll be American-made—and far superior to the imports."

Some of those sensational favorites, the Dy-Dee and the Betsy-Wetsy dolls, are still available. But it looks very much as if the Christmas Hit Parade might be led by the 1942 versions of the old-fashioned rag dolls that young mothers are turning out. A holey stocking stuffed with rags can be given eyes, nose, and mouth, buttons down the front, a necktie or an apron. And for very young children clothespins make dandy toys.

Any parent who fails to make a scrapbook as a Christmas present is missing a good bet. Cut out colored pictures from old magazines. Assemble them in a sequence that tells some kind of story, then paste them in an ordinary loose-leaf notebook. With colored crayons scribble short rhyming verses to go with the pictures.

Toy manufacturers, of course, have no choice but to be resourceful. An air-rifle manufacturer changed over to the "little tommy gun," with a wooden stock, wooden barrel, and a wooden paddle wheel with a ratchet that makes a terrific racket when rotated—and is guaranteed to drive the neighbors crazy. Very satisfactory for small boys. Uniforms for soldiers, sailors, flyers, WAACS and WAVES, and other childhood imitations are plentiful, in spite of far-reaching restrictions on critical materials.

Any games counter has scores of war games this Christmas, but there is a wide difference of opinion among manufacturers about whether they are the best kind to offer, rather than games like Sorry, Pig Dice, Quiz Kids, Flying the Beam, and others based on travel, trade, and sports.

What has the school of homemade toys to offer in the game field? Sailing a boat ranks high, whether your boat is a piece of shaped-up paper with a match for a mast and a postage stamp for a sail, or a handsomely wrought hull with tall mast, lines and sails for bathtub fleet operations. Another indoor favorite is storekeeping. For the money, gather small pebbles, and wash them until they gleam and shine. All sorts of paper packages, full or empty, make excellent groceries. The ironing board across two chairs makes the counter, of course. Wrap up the storekeeping materials, label them "Storekeeping Game," and your child will be delighted.

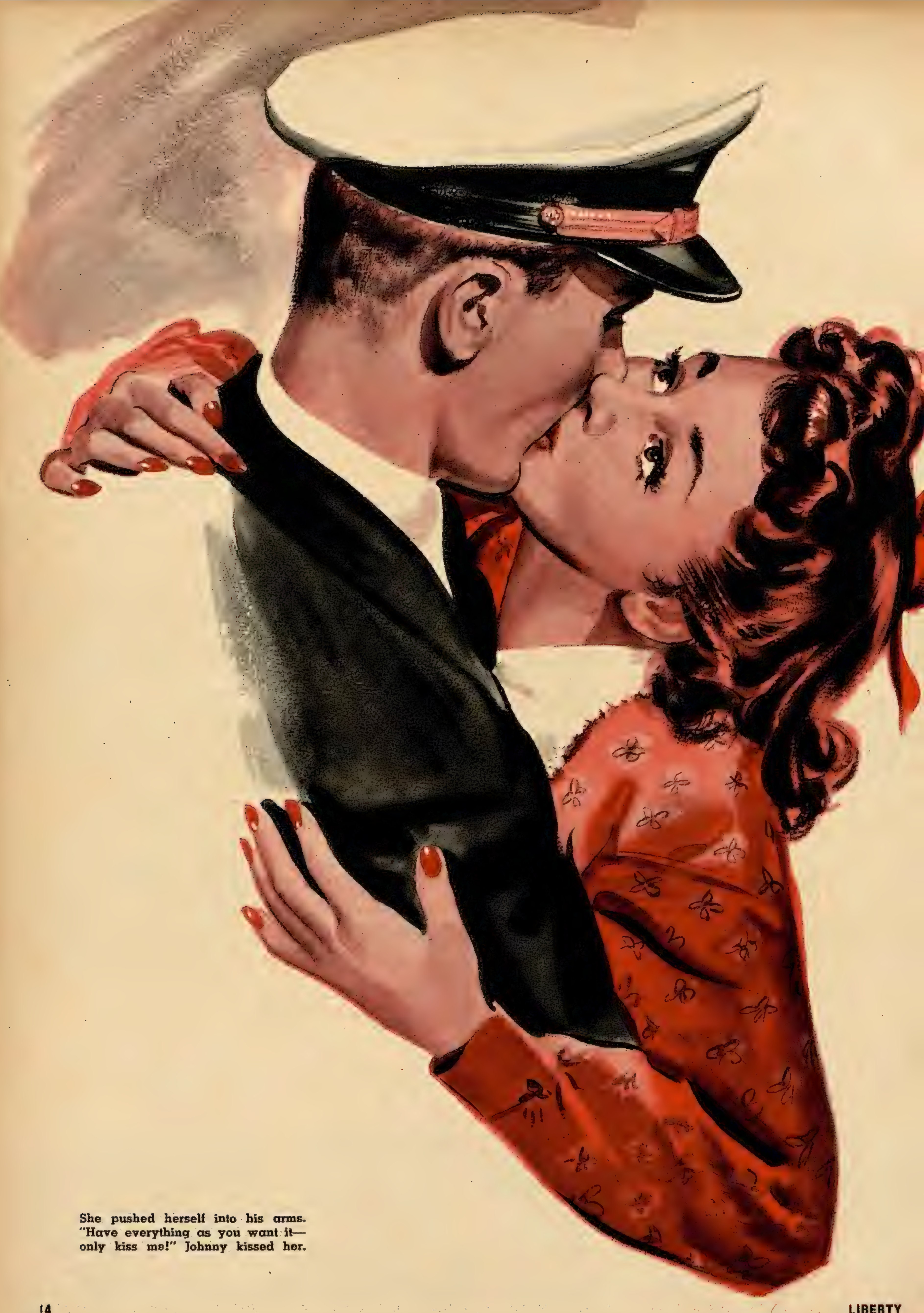
Maybe you're worried about getting red-and-white-striped candy canes. Well, the line won't be so long this year, both because sugar is scarce, and because artificial flavors are needed elsewhere. Next time you nibble a cinnamon or wintergreen pellet remember that artificial cinnamon flavoring is a derivative of toluol, the base for TNT. Artificial wintergreen is a synthetic offshoot of phenol, used in plastics and explosives.

But homemade candy doesn't use exorbitant amounts of sugar. And there is always corn to be popped.

A final tip: Collect the new clean snow that lies on top after a fresh fall. Put it in a large bowl, stir it up with a dash of vanilla and a little sugar. Snow ice cream! It will vanish before it can melt.

Merry Christmas!

THE END



She pushed herself into his arms. "Have everything as you want it—only kiss me!" Johnny kissed her.

LISTEN, BEAUTIFUL

"No private messages can be broadcast" was the rule. But when Winchell got the whole story of an ensign and his girl, the rules were off!

BY ISABEL WAY
and
RUBY THOMSON

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES

SHERYL held the phone with a determined grasp. Even the short tumbled curls that looked so red against the hospital pillow had a stubborn set to them.

"I'm sorry," came pleasantly over the wire, "but Mr. Winchell no longer broadcasts personal messages. There was such a flood of them."

"But this time— Listen. I've got to talk to Mr. Winchell himself. If he knows—"

Something urgent in Sheryl's voice brought the reluctant "Well, I'll see!" and the "If you'll hold the phone, Mr. Winchell will speak with you."

THERE were some things that just couldn't be told. Like that first meeting with Johnny.

She almost didn't go to Lil Hutton's that week-end. Good-natured Lil worked in the same real-estate office, and Sheryl had been to Lil's before, knew just what it would be like.

They'd go to a dance Saturday night, with Mark, Lil's boy friend, bringing a blind date for Sheryl, and it would turn out to be just another dance.

She was all ready to plead a headache when Lil said, her homely face eager, "Mark's got a swell guy for you tonight, hon. Johnny Atherton, his name is."

Well, that was that. She had to go, but all the while she was putting on the pale green cotton dance frock she had a what's-the-use feeling. Then she went into the front room with Lil —and there was Johnny.

Just like that it happened. Life was empty, and then there was Johnny, so tall and slim-waisted and broad-shouldered, moving with a quicksilver ease. Johnny, with curly hemp-yellow hair and blue laughing eyes, and a wide mouth. When he grinned, twin spots deepened in his cheeks—too big for dimples, yet something like that.

Johnny grinned now. "Well, hello, Beautiful! Little and redheaded and green-eyed. Just the way I like 'em."

Afterward Sheryl tried to sort out the details of that evening, but there were just snatches of memories: Of Johnny holding her as they danced. Of Johnny singing along with the orchestra "What's moonlight without you, baby?" Of Johnny laughing, teasing Lil and Mark through the breathing spells they took along the beach. Of Johnny driving them home, with Sheryl beside him. Back at Lil's house, Johnny walked her to the front door, to give Lil and Mark a moment alone. Sheryl stood waiting. Not wary, as she'd always been before, because she didn't care much about being kissed—just waiting.

"It was nice, Johnny," she ventured. "The whole evening."

"Sure. Swell. And to think I gosh-darned near dug up an excuse!"

She drew a long breath. "Why! So did I!"

They stood staring, and Sheryl knew Johnny was thinking, as she did—that it was fate. She knew it by the way his hands caught at hers, and the huskiness in his voice.

"You're sweet, Sheryl."

It came then, his kiss. Not a long kiss, but to Sheryl it was the complete answer to all the questions of her nineteen years. While she stood there, trying to catch her breath, Mark came with Lil.

Johnny said, "'By, Beautiful!" and the evening was over.

FUNNY, how life could color up so quickly. The routine of the office took on new interest. Every home she listed made her wonder if Johnny would like it. Every time the phone rang, it might be Johnny.

But Johnny didn't phone. Not Monday nor Tuesday nor Wednesday. When Thursday passed, she grew panicky. On Friday she recalled the way he'd left her. Just "'By, Beautiful!" And he hadn't added, "Be seeing you!"

Friday, Gordon Howe, firm salesman, asked her for a Saturday-night date. Gordon was good company, but she made excuse, and spent the loneliest week-end of her life.

She hated her work all the next week. She didn't try to answer the phone when it rang. When Gordon came Wednesday and asked for Saturday night, Sheryl nodded. Johnny wasn't ever going to call.

She worked hard at forgetting Johnny through Thursday and Friday. And then, Saturday noon, just before the office closed and while she was alone, Johnny came.

He stood in the door, and the sun was at his back, and she didn't know him.

"Yes?" she said.

"Hello, Beautiful!"

"Oh! . . . Johnny! Johnny!" There were tears in her eyes, tears that blurred the blue of his navy uniform, as she walked toward him. If he hadn't opened his arms, she'd have walked into them anyway, for she belonged there.

She was there when Gordon came. Gordon was nice about it.

"Ah, *ah*, AH!" he chided in an amused way.

Sheryl lifted her red head. "It's Johnny Atherton," she said happily.

Gordon offered his hand. Gordon had smooth dark hair and handsome features and gray eyes that could look folks over without them knowing it. He did that with Johnny now.

"Got leave for the week-end, sailor?"

"Till four tomorrow afternoon."

"Well, honey"—Gordon smiled at Sheryl—"I guess that lets me out. Till another time! . . . Glad to have met you, sailor!" Still smiling amusedly, he left.

Johnny frowned. "You go with him much?"

"I have, Johnny. But he doesn't count—now."

THERE couldn't be words, either, to tell another about that afternoon. Johnny and Sheryl went to the beach and swam and ate hot dogs and sat together on the sand under a big umbrella, and Sheryl snuggled close to

About three weeks later, Sheryl fainted at the office one Saturday morning.

Johnny, joy tumbling through her veins like champagne bubbles.

Johnny took her hand, studied it. She sat very still, waiting for him to speak. He didn't, and his face turned so graven-tight that she had to break the silence.

"When did you enlist, Johnny?"

"The Monday after we met."

"Oh. And you didn't tell me!"

"I couldn't, Beautiful."

"But, Johnny, didn't you know how I'd feel when you didn't come, didn't phone?"

He dropped her hand. "Listen, Beautiful," he said. "I didn't dare think of how you felt, but I hoped you weren't going through what I was. I thought—we'd only met once; you'd forget all about it, see? It had to be that way."

"Why, Johnny?"

"Because— Listen, Sheryl. As soon as a certain ship is ready, I'm going to war. And the way it is now— Well, there's nobody waiting back here. Nobody who can be hurt bad if I don't come back. Nobody but Clipper, my dog."

"But, Johnny, you can't—"

Johnny broke in almost roughly: "I've left Clipper in a kennel not far from here. Let's drive around and see him."

AFTER that Johnny didn't try to hold her hand. In an almost heavy silence he drove her to the kennels, where a desolate little cocker spaniel lifted his head from paws at sound of Johnny's voice—then came bounding.

"He ain't et a thing," a kennel worker told them. "See, he's ga'nt as a scarecrow. If he was mine, I'd have him destroyed. Not keep him here, jest awaitin'."

Johnny's blue eyes darkened as he rubbed the dog's ears. "He's got the right to wait," he said thickly.

"Of course!" Sheryl put in. "Johnny, let me keep him! There's a fenced yard out back, and he can stay nights in the apartment with me."

Clipper turned, eagerly licked her hand. "See?" she exclaimed. "He likes me. We'll take him home right now!"

So they went to her apartment, ate dinner there, and Clipper gobbled everything they gave him, then frolicked with a rubber bone before he stretched out on the rug.

"Gee!" Johnny said huskily. "It's going to mean a lot, knowing he's happy here with you."

Sheryl nodded. "Both of us waiting, Johnny." Then she grew afraid when the grin left Johnny's face and the troubled tightness came.

She was kneeling beside Clipper and Johnny was perched on the chair arm. Suddenly Sheryl came to her feet before Johnny. There was a crackling feel along the roots of her red curls, and she spoke desperately fast, lest she lose her courage:

"Johnny! If Clipper has the right to wait, so have I! Listen, Johnny. I'm yours, just as Clipper is. You've made him happy, secure. Now it's my turn. Johnny!" A long breath. "Johnny, marry me now—if you love me!"

"Love you?" Johnny echoed it hoarsely as he reached for her. "Love you? Why do you think I came back?"

"Because you couldn't stay away. Johnny, I've been thinking all afternoon. I said, if you asked me soon enough, and we started right off for Las Vegas, we could get back before your leave is up."

EVEN on the way to Nevada, where there was no five-day marriage wait, Sheryl wasn't sure Johnny would go through with it.

"Listen, Beautiful," he said once. "My ship—it's a movie star's yacht being converted. It'll get done and I'll be going."

"We'll have this little time together," Sheryl said softly.

"But it isn't fair to you!" he burst out, miles later. "Going on working, missing your chances at better men. Like that guy who was going to take you out tonight."

"Gordon's nice," she admitted, "but it's you I want."

A long, long silence after that, with the car shooting through the mysterious desert. After many miles and many minutes they were on the outskirts of flamboyant, gay Las Vegas.

Johnny stopped the car along the curb. "Listen, Beautiful," he said again. "We've got to face things. This is a war marriage. Maybe it isn't sane. Maybe you'll change. You're only nineteen and you'll do a lot of growing up in the next couple years—and maybe, if I come through and home again, we can't take up where we leave off."

"May-bees shouldn't fly in June, Johnny!"

"They're flying now. See, Sheryl, we've got to get this straight. If you meet somebody else later on, you've got to promise to let me know."

She could laugh that off. "Oh, but definitely. I'll have Winchell broadcast it!"

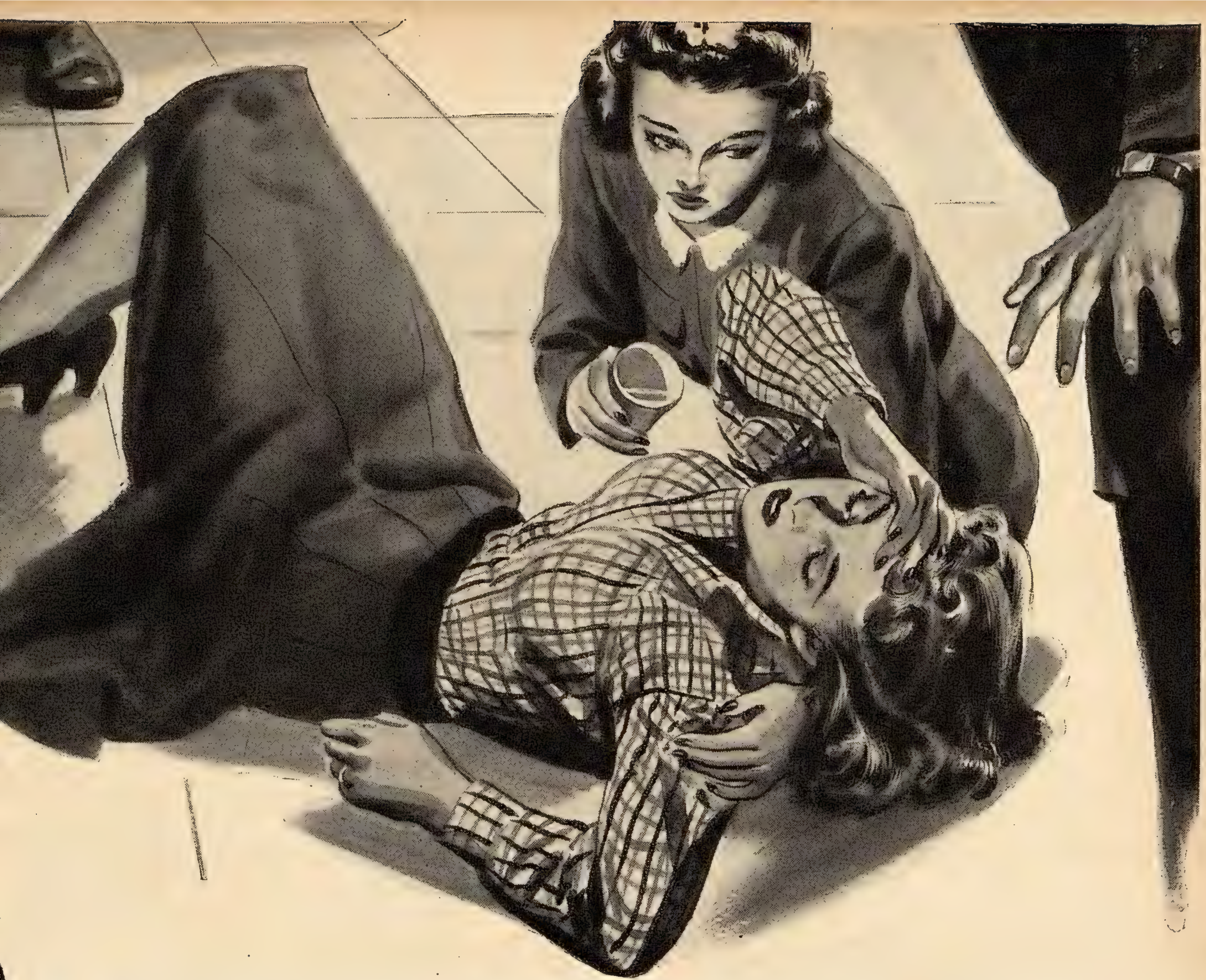
He grinned back, but his face sobered again. "I'm not kidding, Sheryl. You're not to let me stand in the way of your happiness. Promise?"

"O. K., I promise. Anything else?"

"Yes. It's—we've got to be sure there isn't a baby, Sheryl."

"Johnny! Don't you *like* babies?"

His arms tightened. "If things turn



out right, later we'll have a dozen. But now—until this marriage is on a firmer basis, with me home and us knowing how things are, there can't be anything to hold you, Beautiful!"

She pushed herself into his arms. "Johnny! Have everything as you want it—only kiss me!"

Johnny kissed her. In less than an hour they were married. There was a wedding supper in an all-night café, and an absurdly adventurous hunt for lodgings, ending in an auto court miles from Las Vegas.

There were sweet hours together, and the long ride home. Even the parting, that next afternoon, wasn't bad. Johnny, holding her close, teasing her: "Well, Mrs. Atherton, may I open my pay envelope before I come home?"

"No, Mr. Atherton. I'll open it and dole out your tobacco money."

Laughter together, then Johnny's low, "'By, Beautiful!" and the words that counted most: "I'll be back."

AFTER that life sparkled with the hours of Johnny's leaves and glowed with memories through the days between.

Because his ship was under repair, Johnny's leaves were frequent and at odd times. Sometimes Sheryl would sniff the fresh scent of tobacco when she came home, and know that Johnny was hiding, and there'd be a game of pretending not to know. Sometimes he'd have just a few hours, and again a whole day—but, long or short, his leaves were packed with rapture.

Time tumbled by. Before Sheryl knew it, they were celebrating a month of marriage. And, about three weeks later, Sheryl fainted at the office one Saturday morning.

"You seen a doctor?" Lil asked bluntly.

Sheryl shook her head. Reckoning time and facts, she didn't need a doctor. The thing Johnny had said must not be—was going to happen. She was going to have a baby.

Finding *that* out would sure put a crimp in Johnny's happiness—would send him, troubled, into the big job he had to do. Well, it wouldn't! Sheryl's red head reared up and the color came back to her face. Johnny would be going, in time—and he would go unaware of how it was with her.

She brushed Lil aside. "Just the heat," she said.

"Anyhow," Lil persisted, "better not ride home in the bus. Here's Gordon; he can take you."

Sheryl didn't want to ride with Gordon, but maybe it was best. He was all right. He talked of casual things, and obligingly stopped at the food market, where she bought what she needed for Johnny's supper, quite as if something cataclysmic hadn't just happened.

"Thanks, Gordon," she said, when he dumped the packages on the kitchenette table. "It was grand having somebody carry these things."

"Makes you feel married, eh? Well, honey, I'm always here—always will be." He kept smiling. "I'm a guy who never gives up, Sheryl. I've changed many a prospect's mind."

"But this deal's already closed—with another firm," she said, and turned away from him, began storing the steak and greens and ginger ale into the crowded icebox.

He had just gone when she heard Clipper's whine.

"Who let you in?" she demanded, her voice sharp with the irritation of Gordon's boldness.

Then she saw Johnny in the other room and ran to him.

"Johnny! Oh, you blessed—to be here early!"

He caught her close. "The better to catch you coming home with another man, my dear!" he said, so gaily that she knew she imagined the tension in his voice. It was just having a secret from Johnny that made everything seem wrong.

But it was more than that, Sheryl was sure, as lack of materials held up repairs on Johnny's ship and more weeks slipped by.

Johnny was different. He didn't hide when he came home unexpectedly now. He didn't romp through the house with Clipper. Oh, he laughed and teased—especially he teased her about Gordon—and he took her places, but always in crowds. That sweet togetherness they'd had was gone.

When Sheryl tried to bring it back, she met only a queer wall that hedged Johnny in—a wall that had no gate for her. Or maybe the wall was around herself, she thought at times, built of her secret. *But how would I dare tell you now, Johnny, when something already separates us?*

Sometimes her troubled mind grasped at that. Maybe Johnny was afraid of ties. The marriage was her idea. Johnny didn't seem to want to carry even memories of them together away with him. They celebrated their four-month anniversary with Lil and Mark.

Then came the unexpected five-day leave. Sheryl found herself expecting a lot from that as she arranged to be away from the office. But it didn't pan out. Johnny had never been sweeter, more considerate; but that maddening constraint stayed between them.

With heartbreak Sheryl watched the days go. But it was something like that first time, when Johnny was fighting his love for her. He talked, but it was all nonsense, all gay nothingness. She longed to cry out, "Please, Johnny, this is Sheryl, the one you call Beautiful! I'm close to you, Johnny. Closer than you dream. Hold me tight!" . . . But Johnny's gaiety kept her outside the wall.

She snuggled closer, and Johnny said, "Let's go swimming! You need exercise, Mrs. Atherton. You're getting fat!"

"Oh, Johnny!" she gasped. She *had* been growing, despite the extravagant rubber support she'd squandered a week's wages on. Lil had given her many a sharp glance, but Johnny's face was guileless.

They went into the surf. The doctor hadn't said *not* to. But when Sheryl started to swim, her limbs felt heavy and the rubber support was a breath-squeezing vise under her bathing suit. Fright filled her and she turned toward shore.

"Too cold!" she chattered. "You and Clipper must be Eskimos."

She was shaking when she ran into the bathhouse. The woman at the desk leaned over. "Don't go in again, dearie. My daughter lost her baby that way."

Sheryl's eyes were wide when she went into the locker. This woman had noticed—and Johnny wasn't dense. He'd wake up soon. Johnny, who was afraid of ties. . . .

Sheryl had gone to the kitchenette to make coffee that evening, and was alone there, when the child stirred for the first time. Stirred largely, strongly, as if to say, "I'm no secret!"

Sheryl felt a great fear and a great glory. Her hands went down, fanned out across her, and a lump came to her throat. "Johnny!" she whispered. "Johnny!" And she whirled, went into the other room.

Johnny didn't see her. He had turned on the radio and Winchell's voice filled the room. War news. News of brave men fighting. Of ships sunk. Reports from the hell where Johnny would be going soon.

He saw her then. "Sheryl! What is it, darlin'?"

She swallowed the lump in her throat. "Nothing, Johnny." She was trembling. So close had she come to failing Johnny! Johnny, who had so much that was inescapable ahead.

She could fight back some of the fear and loneliness when Johnny's arms came about her; but some of the glory must have stayed, for when Johnny tilted up her face and looked into it, he said, "You *are* happy, Sheryl."

"Yes, Johnny."

"So am I, darlin'. Oh, you were the wise one, to make sure we had this snatch of heaven together. And we were both wise since. There are no ties that can hurt now—if anything changes. That's my great comfort, Beautiful. And, sweet"—his blue eyes were very tender—"I want you to go on as if you were free while I'm away. And if another man comes—remember, you promised."

"To have Winchell broadcast it!" Her laugh was muffled against his shoulder. Then, without lifting her head, "Johnny, do you know when your next leave comes?"

A little silence, then he told her: "This is it, Beautiful—what we've been expecting. My last leave."

"Oh!" There was hurt in the cry. And desperately she hoped that he hadn't heard the relief that was there too.

So Johnny kissed her good-by and went to war. There were letters, sometimes close together, sometimes in bunches after long blanks. Sometimes the letters were tender and gay, and sometimes they were just tender. Nearly always there was that sense of Johnny not saying all he wanted. Until—the last one.

Sheryl's free hand went under the crisp hospital pillow to pull out the worn envelope. It had arrived just before she came here, and it hadn't been far from her since. That was it—the letter.

She read it over the telephone:

"Darling, I've got to write this. Listen, Beautiful. Those last weeks at home, something happened. It started the day Gordon brought you home, and it kept growing. Something that made you a little glad I was going—maybe because you didn't want to hurt me. I might have been hurt by that—your wanting me to go—if it hadn't been for the shiningness that had come to you. A glory and a sadness that I've remembered ever since. Sweet, whatever brought that shiningness to you, I want you to keep—even if it means there's another man. I love you so, Beautiful, that I can be happy just making you happy. Only—won't you tell me?

Johnny."

The letter was enough. Without any apologies for breaking a rule, the commentator's voice carried a message to a fighting man on a ship far out at sea.

"This is to inform Ensign John Henry Atherton that his wife wants him to know there *is* another man in her life. His name is Johnny Junior, and he weighs seven pounds eight ounces. He arrived safely last night. Congratulations, Ensign Atherton!"

THE END

SCRAP METAL
COLLECTION DEPOT

"You couldn't have picked a better place to have an accident, ma'am!"

These are Swiss soldiers on frontier guard duty in the Alps. Not even in winter is vigilance relaxed. A frontier range is a most formidable defense zone.

WHY HITLER HASN'T BLITZED THE SWISS

The Swiss may be "neutral"—but since 1940 Hitler has known how unhealthy it would be for him to climb their mountains

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

ON the morning of May 21, 1940, two prominent German industrialists appeared at the Bundeshaus in Bern—Switzerland's White House. The situation was critical. General mobilization had been ordered, more troops were rushed to the frontiers, the Winkelried Line was being strengthened. The United States consulates warned Americans to leave at once; the British and French legations burned their files. The Swiss-German frontier was closed. A German invasion seemed imminent.

The two Germans were led to a high-ranking Swiss government official. They brought a virtual ultimatum from Adolf Hitler. He demanded: 1. Immediate, complete demobilization of the Swiss Army. 2. Drastic changes in the tone of the Swiss press. 3. Control of the Swiss war industries by Nazi "advisers"—or else.

"The Führer has thirty divisions massed along the border. Hundreds of tanks are ready across the Upper Rhine. You haven't a chance."

The Swiss was perfectly calm. "Maybe we haven't," he said. "But at the very moment the first German soldier invades our country, the Gotthard, Simplon, and Loetschberg tunnels will be dynamited."

"Don't be silly. It took you ten years to build the Gotthard tunnel."

"And it would take *you* ten years to rebuild it."

Switzerland's General Henri Guisan.

Nothing else was said and the Germans left. But apparently that was enough for Hitler. Switzerland has not been invaded. The "cow-and-cheese morons," as the Nazis call the Swiss, have outsmarted the *Herrenvolk*.

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES

The sober fact is that a blow-up of the tunnels would literally rupture the life line of the Axis in Europe. The Alps completely separate the Italian peninsula from the continent. The Swiss tunnels are the only short cuts from Germany into Italy. There is the 12.4-mile Simplon; the 9.04-mile Loetschberg; and the Gotthard tunnel. Through these tunnels every ten minutes two trains pass between Germany and Italy. Northbound, they carry fruits, cereals, vegetables, olive oil from Italy, lead and chrome from the Balkans. Southbound, they carry iron ores, rubber, munitions, and coal. Without those German coal supplies the Italian house of cards would fold up in a week. If the tunnels were lost there would remain only the narrow hairpin-curve road across the mountains, closed seven months of the year. And the Gotthard range is the most heavily fortified zone in the world.

The Swiss tell a story about Kaiser Wilhelm. At the Swiss summer maneuvers of 1914 he addressed a Swiss soldier: "You have an army of 500,000 men. You are good marksmen. But what will you do if we attack you with a million men?"

"We will each fire twice," the Swiss answered calmly.

The Kaiser went through Belgium.

Twenty-five years later Hitler sent his legions through Belgium and Holland —not Switzerland.

Today Switzerland is Europe's miracle in more than one respect. The only country on the Nazified continent where genuine democracy and freedom have found a refuge, it is only about a third as large as the State of New York. Its people speak the selfsame languages as the Axis nations. They are completely cut off from the rest of the democratic world; they are buried under continuous Nazi propaganda; their only non-Axis information is the BBC broadcasts.

YET this little oasis of liberty is holding out, morally and economically. Switzerland must have foreign trade or die. She has no outlet to the sea; she is blockaded by the British and counterblockaded by the Germans. But she is not giving up. The Swiss have learned to "live dangerously," as if they were in a beleaguered fortress. They have had to ration butter and cheese; they work longer hours for less profit; there's no gasoline for private cars; soon there won't be any rubber for bicycles. In the cleanest country of Europe "one hot bath every month" has become the greatest luxury. Only one room in every apartment may be heated.

And if the attack comes?

They are prepared. The famous Gotthard Defense Plan is an open secret. In case of invasion the main body of the army and the government will take up predetermined positions somewhere in the Gotthard range, near the eternal snowfields. There the Swiss have built a complete underground town in the glaciers and rocks: power plants, army barracks, bakeries, munition dumps, fuel and food stores for three years, telegraph and telephone lines. From the peaks and passes their 15-cm. howitzers, the famed 47-mm. antitank guns, and Oerlikon antiaircraft guns will shell the valleys and approaches. The Gotthard radio station will exhort the people down in the plains never to lose hope and faith.

"Even if the Germans hold Zurich and the lower hills of the Jura, ten divisions of Swiss sharpshooters can keep the Gotthard indefinitely," a high Swiss officer has said.

A New York Times dispatch said, "Within eighteen hours of the invasion of the Low Countries the Swiss Army was mobilized." This was possible only because the Swiss democracy trusts its citizens and allows them to keep their rifles, uniforms, and ammunition at home. When war came, they simply took their equipment, kissed their families good-by, and went to the near-by battle stations which they had built with their own hands. While other countries were disorganized by confusion and traffic problems, Switzerland had 600,000 men under arms. With a total population of 4,200,000, this means that one out of every seven inhabitants is a soldier. The same proportion would give the United States about 18,000,000 soldiers.

There was only a militia in peacetime, but military service has been compulsory for every man from nineteen to sixty. Youths of sixteen to nineteen get a pre-military training. Men rejected for physical reasons pay a tax. Every man begins as a private, and everybody is a sharpshooter. Recently a friend wrote he had won the second prize at the Ortswehr sharpshooting. He is sixty-nine.

While the French soldiers in the Maginot Line were playing cards and having a good time, the Swiss kept drilling. The morale of the soldiers reached a new high when they learned their wives would get money from the Compensation Fund (to which both workers and employers contribute 3 per cent of their earnings). There is no Maginot Line spirit in Switzerland. The Swiss have no romantic illusions.

"We can't hold the northern industrial plains," a university professor said. "But before the Germans move in, we're going to destroy the great Oerlikon plants, the Sulzer factories, and Brown Boveri Works. Every bridge across the Rhine, every road and railroad line is heavily mined. Between Basel and Bern there are three deep defense lines with pillboxes, walls, barbed wire, and tank traps camouflaged into the terrain."

And there's more. There are villages behind barricades; farmhouses converted into small fortresses; antitank guns in barns and machine-gun nests in orchards. Youngsters are taught to fight fires; women drive streetcars, work as airplane spotters, dig trenches. The country is a vast guerrilla camp.

Switzerland's hero is the General. The democratic Swiss don't have a peacetime commander. It was only after mobilization that the Parliament elected the General, Henri Guisan. He is an excellent officer, popular with the men because he came up from the ranks. It's no secret that he refused to yield to German demands when some politicians were toying with the idea of appeasement.

THERE was such a time. The French Army had collapsed. Switzerland was cut off, encircled; German "tourists" in conspicuous number arrived at Swiss airdromes. Some newspapers were cautiously discussing the New Order; a Nazi-inspired National Movement flared up.

Then, on a dark night in July, 1940, high Swiss army officers met under the General on the historic Meadow of the Rütli, where the Confederation was founded 635 years ago. The General developed the Gotthard Defense Plan. The officers swore never to give up. The "report from the Rütli" awakened the nation. A League of the Gotthard was founded, including all groups from trade-unions to Boy Scouts. Under public pressure, the government had to dissolve all Nazi-inspired groups. The Swiss nation had passed its supreme morale test.

At the Zurich National Exposition of 1939 a geological map of Switzerland read: "No petroleum, no coal, no iron, no gold—but the forces of nature mastered by men. Mountains, waters, air, and sunshine are our inexhaustible allies."

If the Swiss wanted to remain independent, they would have to keep alive economically. They chartered a fleet of motor trucks for shipments through Spain and Portugal. They bought seven formerly Greek, Yugoslav, and Panamanian vessels for the Lisbon-New York run, giving as their home port: "Basel on the Rhine." They planted wheat in all public squares and parks. In the gardens around the League of Nations Palace potatoes are grown.

EVERY ounce of coal has to be imported—from Germany. Without coal the Swiss factories would have to shut down. "We'll send you coal," the Germans said, "but you'll have to sell us all your products. And *we* set the prices—or credit conditions."

It was deliver or die. The Swiss made the only possible choice. Now all Swiss Diesel marine engines, precision instruments, heavy machines, and much of their cheese and butter go to Germany. And the Swiss had to allow the import of Nazi newspapers; they had to black out their country when Mussolini whined that its lighted cities were beacons for the R. A. F. on its way to northern Italy.

Foreign observers who don't know the whole story blame the Swiss for "opportunism." The truth is that the Swiss pray for an Allied victory. If you want to know how the people really feel, go into any Swiss movie theater and hear the audiences burst into laughter at the sight of heiling Nazis in the newsreels.

Only among some wealthy French-Swiss business men has there been scattered sympathy for Pétain and "co-operation." The Italian Swiss sneer at Signor Gayda's brotherhood overtures; and the German-speaking Swiss, 71 per cent of the whole population, are strongly anti-Nazi. They

openly rejoiced when the Greeks, the Yugoslavs, the Americans on Bataan put up their magnificent stands. MacArthur and Mihailovitch are as popular in Switzerland as in their homelands.

"Of course we're trying to be strictly neutral in our actions," a Swiss editor said, "but who can control the feelings in our hearts?"

The newspapers impartially print the Reuter, A. P., *and* D. N. B. versions of every major event, but the Swiss have learned to read between the lines. When Dr. Goebbels raged, at his press conference, "Switzerland will be excluded from all the advantages which the New Order will give to Europe," and the Bern weekly Nation answered suavely, "We sincerely hope that Herr Doktor Goebbels keeps his word," the Swiss chuckled with delight.

UNDER the cover of technical neutrality they have managed to help the Allied cause in many ways. By her very existence Switzerland performs miracles for Allied propaganda in Europe. As long as she stands unafraid, millions of starved, tortured men and women in Axis-occupied countries will say (or think), "The so-called New Order? Plain bunk! The Swiss have proved it. They haven't given in."

That may be only moral help, but the people in that vast prison camp that Europe is today need moral help as desperately as food. They show each other the symbolic stamps on letters from Switzerland. Swiss newspapers are worth their weight in gold. Most of them are *streng verboten* in German-occupied Europe, but they find their way out of Switzerland and go secretly from hand to hand. And when they tell of food riots in Hamburg, of long lines of hospital trains rolling back from the Russian front, of street battles between Italian workers and German occupation troops in Sicily, of heavy destruction caused by R. A. F. raids, and of the ever-growing American war production, their readers know that what is told is true.

In a canton referendum the Swiss may vote by acclamation, this way. Their democracy is the oldest in the world.

In the first World War Switzerland was a happy hunting ground for the world's master spies. This time it's different. When war came, the excellent Swiss counterespionage service rounded up hundreds of foreign agents. Somehow the Axis got the shorter end of the deal. No week goes by without German accusations that the Swiss harbor Allied agents. In May, 1940, a high Swiss army officer was sentenced for espionage in favor of England. Not long ago an Italian newspaper "discovered" two short-wave radio stations somewhere in the Albula Alps, "in direct contact with the enemy."

The Swiss have learned to shrug off such charges. "Rumors," they say. "And where would you get if you'd believe all rumors? Why, they even say that Nazi bigwigs have large amounts deposited in our banks, just in case. . . ."

GERMAN papers have repeatedly printed stories of Swiss delivering German war secrets to the enemy. There were even stories involving the monks of St. Bernard with espionage. Such stories made good reading—but were they true? Well, at any rate, though German supplies for Italy pass through Switzerland in sealed freight trains, Swiss railroad men cannot help seeing certain things that would give valuable information to the other side. And an idle mountaineer in a small village near the Gotthard railroad amuses himself by counting the carriages of Germany-bound trains. . . .

At several points the German-Swiss border goes between villages the inhabitants of which have known each other all their lives. You certainly can't blame the Swiss villagers for talking with the German dairymen and farmers who lost their sons in Russia and Libya. A border simply can't be closed air-tight and hermetically sealed; even bayonets and guards can't do that. Every kilometer along the Rhine can't be watched all night long—not to speak of the numberless secret tracks across the Bernina Alps near Pontresina, St. Moritz, and the Stilfserjoch.

Maybe there is vital Axis information leaking out through Switzerland. Maybe there isn't.

For obvious reasons, no details can be given.

Lately German papers have accused Swiss industries of delivering some products for the German Wehrmacht in "conspicuously deteriorated quality." Intricate time bombs were said to have blown up prematurely. Swiss precision instruments turned out to be far from precise. Range finders and optical instruments showed new, strange defects. There were charges of sabotage.

The Swiss contend that in no case has sabotage been proved. This is true. Perhaps some articles are less good than they used to be—what with German *ersatz* materials instead of commodities from overseas!

Swiss workers say nothing. They are angry. They are human—and no one can blame them for not putting so much zeal into the production of a time fuse which some day may be used against their own families. . . .

Since the Swiss are rich and have large financial interests in many countries, Allied observers have feared Hitler might use them for his own purposes. The Swiss were blamed for not being "strict enough" about their holdings. Don't forget that German papers have made the same charges in reverse, accusing the Swiss of putting their foreign interests to anti-Nazi use.

Until last spring a great many German students were enrolled at Swiss universities. Organized in *Burschen-Bunds*, spending plenty of money, they were intended to be cells of active Nazi propaganda. In May, 1942, the German authorities suddenly decreed that henceforth only a "very limited number" of students would go to Switzerland, and students returning were put through a third-degree examination. Some were sent to prison camps, others to the most exposed sectors of Germany's eastern front.

What had happened? The propaganda scheme had backfired. In Zurich and Basel the young Nazis read the frank, decent Swiss newspapers. They had a chance to listen to American short-wave broadcasts. They talked to Swiss boys and girls who haven't been infected by the ideas of world conquest—and they began to doubt. . . .

THE Swiss are taking half-starved children from Belgium and France and feeding them, although it means less for themselves. The children go home and tell their families what they've seen, their eyes shining. The Swiss send food parcels to the famished people in Greece, Yugoslavia, Poland, Norway. Sometimes a few words of encouragement are attached. When the Nazis in occupied France expelled thousands of Catholic and Jewish refugees last September, the Swiss granted them asylum. Can you blame the persecuted people for telling their American friends how they feel about Switzerland?

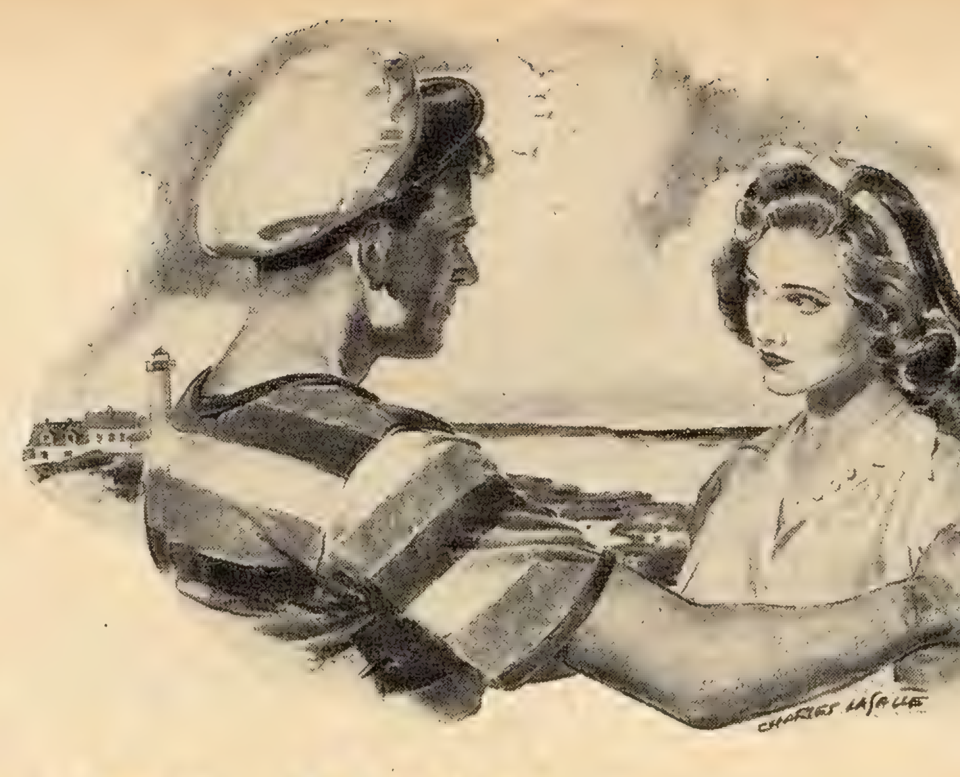
Technically and politically the Swiss are strictly neutral. But democracy, justice, and freedom are by no means mere words to them. As a Swiss said, "A sentence in the Gotthard manifesto reads, 'One cannot die for Switzerland unless one has a reason to live for it.' Call it democracy, or common decency, or religion, or an inborn quality of fairness and honesty. It's deep in our souls. It can't be washed away by broadcasts. It won't be blasted by Stukas. It will be there as long as Switzerland lives."

THE END

LIBERTY'S *SHORT SHORT*

I'LL NEVER GO BACK

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL



THE roar of the sea that pounded the rocks was, Ellen found, a lullaby to her nerves. She knew this voice of the Maine coast and loved it. The wind into which she walked seemed to blow out of her mind all the memories that tormented her—stark memories, and horrible, of those last weeks on Bataan, those last days on Corregidor. Now that she was home, her mother praised God because she was one of the nurses who had in the end been rescued. But nobody could rescue her from the agony of remembering. . . .

She saw that Dan Carter sat on a distant rock, smoking his pipe and glowering out to sea. And at the sight of the big young man with the curly red hair her heart beat faster. He was waiting for her, she knew, as he waited every day; and the thought made her proud.

Yet she was worried about Dan. He still looked pale and tired. Since he held his second officer's papers, you'd imagine he'd be out at sea now, as every other generation of Carters had gone to sea before him. But when he walked with Ellen he answered her question, as usual, in a harsh voice: "No more. I'm through."

"But they need men like you so *badly,"* she protested. "Men who know the sea."

"They had me long enough. How many times do I have to die?"

He had been on the tanker Lady of Tulsa, blasted by torpedoes off the coast of Virginia. He had drifted on a plank for twenty-three hours before a Coast Guard cutter found him. Shock and exposure—that was what the doctors said when they sent him to the hospital. He'd recovered from the exposure but not from the shock.

"My nerves are gone," he told Ellen, and he was bitter. "I get nightmares of a deck trembling under my feet, and I wake up in a cold sweat. I'm through with the sea."

Ellen said quietly, "Flyers sometimes feel like that after they crash. They're made to go up again at once. It's the best cure."

"Well, nobody's going to make me go back to sea." He jammed his pipe between stubborn teeth. "It isn't that I don't want to *fight.* I do. When I got out of the hospital I tried to enlist in the army. But they turned me down. My nerves were all jittery."

It filled Ellen with despair to hear him talk like this. She knew that if he continued to yield to this psychopathic terror of the sea, it would dominate his whole life. He'd never be able to forget that at heart he was a coward; a seafaring man who'd quit because he was afraid. . . .

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

Where a few boulders raised a shelter against the wind, Dan stopped her, caught her shoulders in big hands.

"I'll get some sort of job," he said. "Maybe in the shipyards. Will you come with me?"

She looked up at him with startled eyes.

"I've been wanting you a mighty long time," he said in a low voice. "You know that. Marry me, Ellen."

She felt a tide of joy rush up through her whole body. Her eyes glowed. Here was the thing for which she had prayed—to have Dan Carter want to marry her.

Yet she found herself stepping away from him. She knew, with a catch of her breath, that Dan had just given her a new weapon—one she could use against him for his own good.

"No," she said. "No, Dan, I couldn't."

The pain that came into his face was agonizing to see. But she felt she had to press on; it was for *him.*

"It isn't that I don't love you," she whispered. "I love you with all my heart, Dan. But I won't help you run away from something I know you've got to face. If you don't beat this fear, you'll never be happy. You'll never feel you're a—a man."

His eyes narrowed. His face became rocky, gray, even angry. "I see," he said. Then: "I suppose you'll go back to nursing."

"Of—of course. What else? This is war, Dan. They need nurses as badly as they need sailors." On impulse she seized his arms, and her voice trembled as it pleaded. "Dan, I *want* to marry you! Go back to sea. Get a grip on yourself. I'll marry you the day you sign on—"

He looked at her without speaking, and his face became more bitter than ever. Then, abruptly, he turned and walked away. She stared after him in anguish. *I'm crazy,* she thought. *I've driven him away. . . .*

But she hadn't driven him away. Two days later Dan Carter came to the house. He wore Sunday clothes. His face was hard and determined.

"Get dressed, Ellen," he said. "I'm taking you to Portland. For a marriage license."

She was stunned.

"You made a bargain, didn't you?"

"You—*you're going to sea?"*

"Yes. Wired the Maritime Union yesterday that I'm ready. They'll have a ship for me next Saturday." He swallowed. "You were right, Ellen. I'd be miserable with that fear hanging over me. . . . Go on, will you? Get ready."

She stopped only to throw herself into his arms, to kiss him. Then she ran into the house.

But when she passed the telephone, she paused, then lifted the receiver and called a number in New York. Her voice shook as she asked for Major Stratleigh. When he answered, she said in quick low tones:

"Major, this is Nurse Drake—Ellen Drake. I'm calling from Maine. I'm rested now. I'll be ready to report for duty whenever you say."

"Report for duty?" Major Stratleigh sounded bewildered. "Now, just a minute. If I remember right, it's just a few weeks since you told me Bataan had left your nerves wrecked. You said you'd never be able to look at another wounded man again, that you wanted to be relieved of all further duty, that you were convinced you'd go mad if you ever heard another bomb—"

"I was silly," she said hurriedly. "I didn't realize how badly you needed nurses."

"And you're all over the fear? What did it?"

Ellen said, "I guess I—I just talked myself out of it."

THE END

CANDID CLOSE-UPS

OF PICTURES AND PERSONALITIES

BY BEVERLY HILLS

Dick Powell, Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken, and Mary Martin in the lively Happy Go Lucky.

Hilarity and Swing:

HAPPY GO LUCKY

HOLLYWOOD has two bright new clowns in Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken. Miss Hutton, blonde jitterbug singer whose frenzied and vocal contortions have already won her a wide youthful following, and Mr. Bracken, another ex-Broadwayite, make a strong bid for favor in Happy Go Lucky, Paramount's Christmas present to swing-happy filmgoers. You will find the names of Mary Martin and Dick Powell first on the billing, and they were never in better voice and mood; but it is the team of Hutton and Bracken who will keep you amused, or irritated, as your movie taste may dictate. Certainly it's a team to attract considerable attention—particularly to la Hutton, who turns the usually tiresome role of heroine's girl friend into a pert and lively exhibition.

The scene is a holiday island in the Caribbean, with Bracken and Powell leading the beachcombing life until the Misses Martin and Hutton invade their Eden, wake them up, and eventually make them go to work. Miss Martin is a fortune-hunting hat-check girl from Manhattan posing as an heiress. Rudy Vallee, of all people, plays the girl-shy bore she sets her cap for, and the band leader gives a really amusing performance as Miss Martin maneuvers him into one romantic interlude after another. Still no proposal—until a voodoo priestess is called in to concoct a love potion. Since the potent stuff works its magic on practically every member of the cast, Happy Go Lucky ends on a note of high hilarity, if not high comedy, to the accompaniment of a fine Calypso number led by the eminent Calypso singer, Sir Lancelot.

All the tunes are good, and most are ingeniously staged. The co-stars sing the film's title song as they sail along under shimmering tropical skies; Miss Hutton rips off a rousing little number called Murder, He Says, as part of a benefit show; and her Watchmaker encore will have the young set shouting for still more. It's all in technicolor.

(Paramount.)

Swashbuckling Drama:

THE BLACK SWAN

TYRONE POWER'S next-to-last picture for the duration is a lusty thriller. From Rafael Sabatini's novel of bold buccaneer doings in the Caribbean, it follows the fortunes of one Captain "Jamey Boy" Waring, Henry Morgan's loyal lieutenant who joins the side of law and order when Morgan becomes Governor of Jamaica and sets out to rid the Spanish Main of piracy. As a reformed renegade Mr. Power is still daredevil and dashing enough to capture and hold your interest as he swaggers through scene after scene of gory action, all filmed in brilliant technicolor.

Boyishly charming even when running a rival through by neatly pinning him to the mast, Power has a field day fighting his duels, and even more fun pursuing and kidnaping a lord's lovely daughter. When he faces his most formidable opponent, the dangerous pirate Captain Leech, in the husky person of George Sanders, there is never any doubt as to the outcome, although Mr. Sanders puts up more of a fight than the rest of the piratical crew. There are some bloodthirsty moments on Leech's ship, the Black Swan, when Jamey Boy's fate hangs in the balance, and his reluctant fair lady seems to be in dire peril—but for the most part it is just a series of victorious adventures for the jaunty young hero.

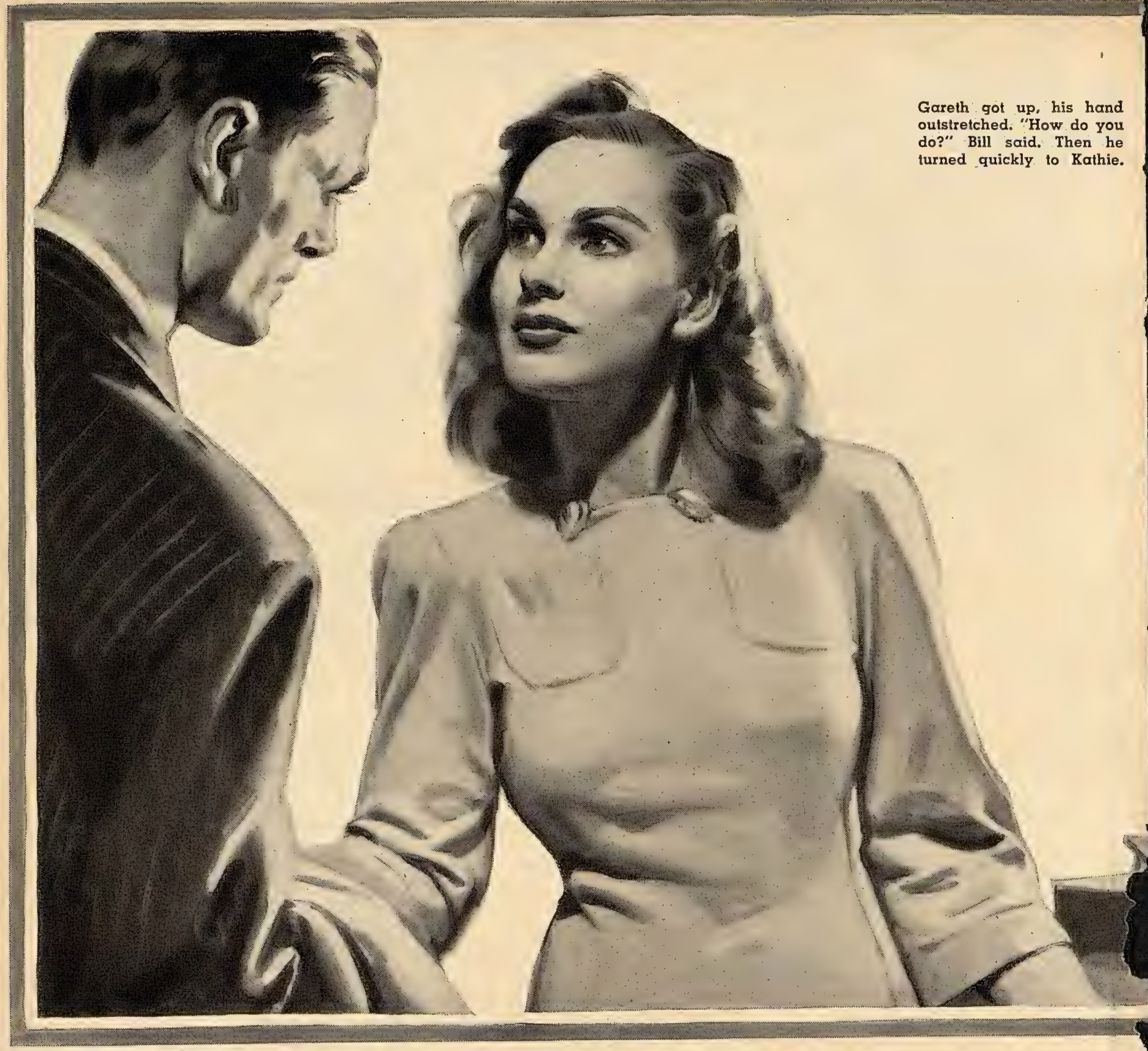
Sumptuously mounted, The Black Swan is one of Hollywood's final lavish flings in pretentious productions while the war lasts. The cast, of more than average importance, includes such inveterate scene-stealers as Thomas Mitchell, playing Power's faithful henchman, and Laird Cregar, as the doughty Sir Henry Morgan. Both of them roar and bellow through their juicy roles with admirable gusto. Miss Maureen O'Hara has only to let her redheaded loveliness loose on the color camera to impress as the season's most delectable heroine, the perfect teammate for personable Power. It's the racy dialogue as devised by Ben Hecht and Seton Miller (no doubt with tongues in cheek) and as spoken by the knowing actors with distinctly modern implications that may make The Black Swan linger in your memory as rather more than a routine costume piece.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

RECOMMENDED PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

White Cargo, You Were Never Lovelier, I Married a Witch, Springtime in the Rockies, For Me and My Gal, The Hard Way, George Washington Slept Here, Flying Tigers, The Glass Key, The Road to Morocco, My Sister Eileen, The Moon and Sixpence, Iceland, Between Us Girls, Now Voyager, The Major and the Minor, One of Our Aircraft Is Missing, Somewhere I'll Find You, Wake Island, The War Against Mrs. Hadley, Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES



Gareth got up, his hand outstretched. "How do you do?" Bill said. Then he turned quickly to Kathie.

SOME DAY I'LL FIND YOU

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THE apartment they found was on a hill. The living-room windows faced the sunset. It came in golden red before dusk, a blazing fire that touched everything in the room. It was a comfortable room, but never exciting except when the crimson sun spread into it. Then, as Kathie and Gareth ate their dinner by the window, the white dishes were bronzed and the cubes of sugar seemed to be lumps of glowing brass. Even the silver was warm and golden.

That was where Gareth worked, too —in front of the window. When he was busy, Kathie tiptoed around the room, although he said he didn't care how much noise she made; he was used to noise when he worked.

The place was small: a kitchen, two bedrooms, Gareth's hardly larger than a closet. But they really lived in the room where the setting sun came in. When they weren't at home, they were outside, walking down the hill, so steep they could hardly manage it, bound for the park, which was wild and natural and seemed to Kathie like a great forest.

She was happy—sometimes so happy she pinched herself to see if the happiness were real. She wondered if there were other fathers like Gareth; so much fun, so gentle, each hour she loved him more. Fathers who laughed so much and who seemed to understand the beauty of each moment as it came and to regret with such concern the beauty when it left. John Sheldon wouldn't have understood Gareth at all; for beauty, to John Sheldon, was something he could touch and have

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES

She waited, tortured, and her heart asked, "Can faith and love bring back a broken man?"

BY
EVE BURKHARDT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

forever—a fine piece of furniture, a piece of marble, a picture. With Gareth, it was anything that moved him.

She was used to the quick way his mind worked and the photographic quality it had. He only needed a glance, and the impression of a child on the street was with him always. Or the shape of a tree against the sky as the wind swept it, or the little humming sound the light wires made at night, or the pale pink wonder of the rhododendrons blooming in the park.

And his voice when he talked—the excitement in it when he was explaining something he saw which she had missed, when he told her about stories he had covered and people he had known.

"It's like a honeymoon," she said one evening. "It's like all honeymoons should be."

"I shouldn't exactly call it a honeymoon, Kathie. And you've got to remember that I'm on my best behavior. I'm trying to make a good impression." The lines weren't so deep on his face now. He looked younger.

That was the night the bell rang, and Kathie and Gareth looked at each other in amazement. It was the first time their bell had rung in the evening.

It was Ray Lowell.

"May I come in?" he asked Gareth. Then he looked over at Kathie. "You promised to call me. You didn't, and I had to be my own detective."

"I was going to call." Kathie took his outstretched hand.

"Next year, I suppose. I couldn't wait that long."

He fitted in so easily, as if he had come a good many times and had seen Gareth only yesterday, as if their friendship was a stanch, fine, long one. In the room with her father, Mr. Lowell didn't seem as young as he had in his office, or perhaps it was because the room was dim and he was sitting in the shadow which took his youth away. He and Gareth might have been the same age.

"Gareth is writing a play, Mr. Lowell," Kathie said. "It's the one you told me about: Mrs. Allister Comes Home."

"She sits over me with a club," Gareth laughed.

"You make me sound like a fishwife with a rolling pin," Kathie protested.

"It's a very soft club. I'm hardly conscious of it, my dear, and really I like it very much. I look forward to the blows. But it's doing the work, it's effective, gentle as it is."

"That's what I hoped she'd do—make you work," Lowell said.

"The first act is done," Kathie announced proudly.

"You mean the first draft of the first act," her father corrected.

But that's so much, Kathie thought—so very much. That's everything now. She didn't dare to look at Lowell.

"You don't suppose you could have the whole thing in shape in three weeks, do you?" Lowell asked. "I'm going to New York about then. I could take it with me and give it to Max Damon personally. I think I told you about him—my play producer friend."

Kathie looked at Gareth. She was sitting forward tensely in her chair.

"Three weeks?" he asked. "Three weeks? I can try, anyway. It'll mean we'll have to get down to business—won't it, Kathie?" And he smiled over at his daughter.

She could sit back now. The pressure of the moment was gone. Everything was fine, glorious! Gareth was going to finish his play in three weeks.

"You see, Ray," he was telling Lowell, "it's just as much Kathie's play as mine. She's working on it, too—harder than I am. She's a fine collaborator. She knows just when I need a cup of coffee, and presto! there it is sitting beside me. She knows the exact moment my brain is all fagged, and she says, 'Gareth, I'm dying for a walk.' So we go for a walk, and she knows that I'm longing for chicken paprika, although I don't mention it, and so she goes to the cookbook and makes me a magnificent paprika when she's never made one before. She's the best audience in the world for my dialogue, and besides all this she's going to copy my manuscript. She's a darling, even if she does dose out her flattery by the cupful. But then, I like it that way, thick as molasses, running over."

"I'd say your collaboration has been highly successful," Lowell said.

"We could have a drink on it," Gareth laughed, but he didn't get out of his chair. He was lounging in it comfortably, his long legs stretched out. "Yes, we could have a drink on it. Kathie bought a bottle of bourbon when we moved in. She put it on the kitchen shelf. When I go in there, all I have to do is to take out the bottle and pour a drink. I haven't yet."

Kathie walked down the hall with Lowell when he left.

"It's going so well," he said when they came to the stairs. "Everything seems to be perfect."

"It *is* perfect."

"Aren't you afraid sometimes, with—that bottle so near?"

"No, I'm not afraid. He hasn't had a drink since I found him."

"Ray likes you," Gareth said when she got back to the apartment. "It was plainly evident."

"I thought it was evident, too."

"He didn't lose much time, did he?" He seemed upset when he said that—as if he were jealous.

"If you don't want him to come back, I'll tell him not to come," Kathie said quickly.

"Don't do that. I want anything you want. Just for the moment you seemed to be slipping away from me, and—well—my legs are wobbly yet."

He didn't need to tell her he was wobbly. She knew. She could tell when the strong urge to run away came over him, when the longing for the bottle on the kitchen shelf was almost more than he could stand. She didn't think a stranger coming to the apartment would have known; she didn't think even Ray Lowell would have known. But to her it was so clear. First there was the queer strained look that came over his face, and the quick way, quicker than usual, that he consumed his cigarettes. Then the way he walked the floor.

When he was thinking out some turn of dialogue for the play, he paced around, too; but this other was different. It frightened Kathie, because she realized that the chains which bound her to him were so light and his need of her so imperative. It made her more watchful. It made her say time after time, "We need a walk, Gareth. We need some air."

SO they would walk. Sometimes it was almost more than she could do to keep up with him unless she ran. They didn't talk on these particular walks. He hardly knew she was beside him. Then suddenly he would be all right again. He would take her arm and laugh, and she would know everything was the same as it had been. Nothing was said later about these moods.

In the same way, they never said anything about Leah. It was as if the mention of her name were taboo. So many times it was on Kathie's lips, when she got one of her mother's almost daily air-mail letters or something reminded her of Leah. But each time something about Gareth bade her be silent. Even when she took Mrs. Sheldon's letters from the mailbox and Gareth was walking up the hall while she put her key in the box, she never said, "Oh, here's a letter from mother." Instead, she slipped the letter in her pocket and, when she had time, read it alone in her bedroom. She read Bill's letters alone, too.

When she wrote to Leah, she did it in her room while Gareth was working, and when they went for a walk she put the letter in the box at the corner, the address turned so he wouldn't see it.

Leah's name was a bridge they hadn't been able to cross yet. Kathie began to wonder if they ever would cross it, or whether they'd keep it swinging between them, black and formidable.

THERE were times when she longed to take matters in her own hands and make the break. But in the end she was glad she didn't. It was better to have Gareth take the first step.

It came one afternoon when they were going for a walk. Kathie looked at the mailbox as she went by. A letter was behind the glass, but she couldn't be sure whether it was from Bill or her mother, so she passed on to the street door.

"There is a letter for you, Kathie," Gareth called behind her. "Here, give me the key."

She gave it to him—it was the first time he had opened the box. She saw the letter in his hand, the thick white paper her mother used.

"It's from Leah," he said quietly. He handed it to her as they left the building.

A gentle rain was falling, cool on the girl's warm face. It hadn't been hard to guess Gareth's secret, either—no harder than it had been to guess Leah's. Kathie had thought these weeks that shame had kept him from uttering Leah's name. But she knew now that, although there was shame, there was love too. More love than shame. His voice had given him away.

She wasn't surprised. She thought in her heart she must have known all the time she had been with Gareth.

"Why don't you read it?" he asked.

So she did read it, the rain making little blue rivers of the ink.

"Is she happy?" he asked, when she put it away.

"She wonders how we're getting along." Which was quite true. In every letter Leah's questions about Gareth were getting harder for Kathie to answer. They weren't guarded questions any longer. They were open, unashamed. Leah could write his name freely, boldly—as if she wanted to write it, as if it was good to write it, as if it was good to write it that way after all these years.

"She sends her best regards"—which she had.

"But does she say she wants you to come home?"

"She hasn't said anything about that." It wasn't her mother, it was Bill who wanted her to come home.

They walked along in silence for a while.

"I'd like to tell you something about Leah," he said, when they were in the park. "I loved her very much. She probably doesn't believe that, but you may. But suddenly I was faced squarely, it seemed to me then, with the choice of my freedom or the choice of my love. It was one or the other. There wasn't any middle ground, as there often isn't to the very young. I thought of myself as trapped. I was afraid to say anything to Leah. Then, in a moment of panic, I left. Ran away without a word to anybody, even to her. Almost as soon as I'd gone I knew I'd made a mistake. But I was afraid to go back, and then later I couldn't, because I was on a freighter going around the world.

"Dozens of times on that boat I tried to write, but I couldn't write the letter I wanted to. I tried again in New York. Then I got a letter from her—an angry letter, but I know how she must have felt when she wrote it. She told me about you, and that she was going to marry John Sheldon."

They were walking hand in hand. The patter of the rain was soft around them. The sound of their feet on the sandy paths was soft, too.

"I'm sorry, Gareth."

"I'm sorry, too, Kathie. Once you've run away from responsibilities, it's so easy to run the next time and the next—until you're always running."

KATHIE was wondering about the letter her mother had written—an angry letter, she had said. Gareth said the same thing. Was it, too, a cry for help, written as it was just before she married John Sheldon? Was she asking, in the only way she knew how, for Gareth to come and take her from John?

The girl didn't know. It was hard to know how other minds worked themselves out of their problems—what Leah had been thinking of when she sent her letter to Gareth nineteen years ago.

"She must hate me still," he said.

"She doesn't hate you. She's forgotten all the hurt and the anger."

"You don't forget those things, Kathie. They stay with you, year after year."

After that she read him parts of Leah's letters as they came, skipping all inquiries of him. It was pleasant, sitting down and explaining the references in her mother's letters; the little things that made up Leah's days and nights on Farrington Drive.

He liked to hear the letters and the explanations. When they were finished he seemed disappointed. He wasn't afraid of the mailbox any more. He went down himself and brought up the letters. If there was none from Leah, he would say, "Leah's forgotten you today."

Then, when he grew more familiar with the southern mail:

"Who's this William McClure? What's he writing you two letters a day for?"

"Why do you think?"

He looked at her sharply. "Are you replying at the same rate?"

"No," she said.

(*Continued on page 28*)

"We're bears on gifts...we know the trends
This year it's Calvert's Happy Blends!"

s, we bear gifts galore each year;
e stuff the stockings with good cheer!
d lo! Our biggest gift success
Is CALVERT Whiskey... nothing less!

2. For CALVERT (if you'll hark a minute)
Has only traits that *blend* well in it—
In fact, it's such a Happy Blending,
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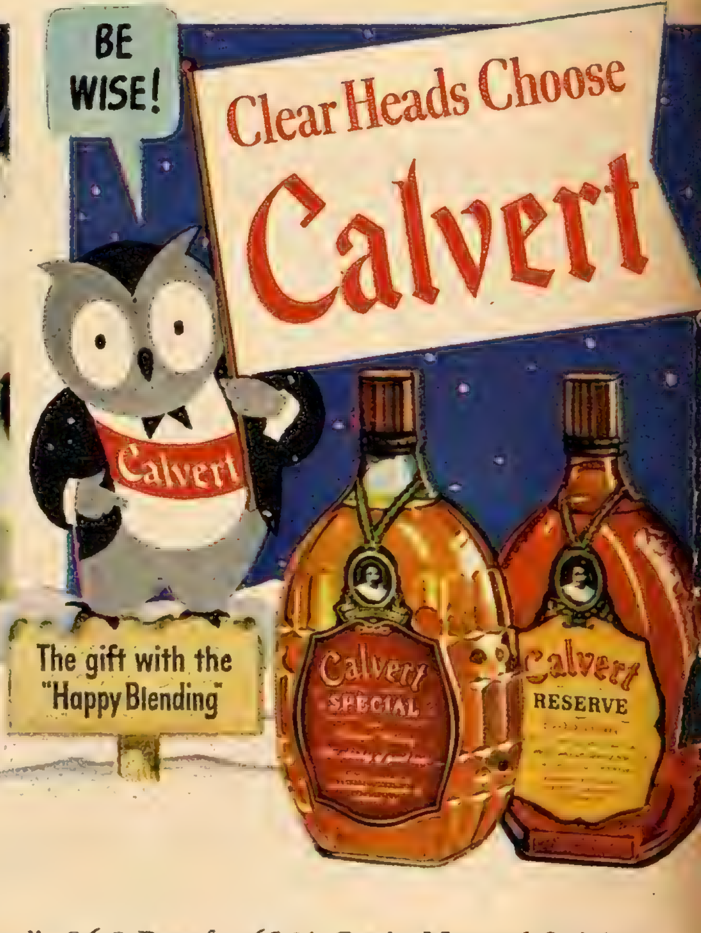

BE WISE!
Clear Heads Choose
Calvert
Calvert
The gift with the "Happy Blending"
Calvert SPECIAL
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The secret is—some whiskey traits
Are enemies, while some are mates.
So CALVERT ousts the fighters, *fast*—
Hence makes a blend that's unsurpassed!

4. If in your Yuletide shopping search you
Seek a gift with *every* virtue—
You'll tickle all your friends no end
By giving CALVERT'S Happy Blend!

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

(Continued from page 26)

"Then you're not in love with him?"

"I don't know, Gareth. Really, I don't."

"Does he know about me?"

"Yes; I told him."

He looked as if he wanted to ask another question, but Kathie didn't give him a chance. She said quickly, "Ray said he would be by tonight."

It was Ray and Gareth and Kathie now. Ray didn't ring when he came; he pushed the door which was open for him. Sometimes he came just before dinner, and sat down in the sunset with them to eat. After dinner and the dishes were done, they all went for a walk, Kathie in the middle, except in the narrow paths of the park. Then they would come in, tired, for more coffee and more talk. Kathie would sit on the floor with her cup and listen.

It was new to her, all this talk, but she loved it. She loved the stories and the discussions, and when she was listening she thought often about the quiet house in the south when John Sheldon was alive; the dignified meals with hardly a word spoken; the laughter that house had lacked.

Gareth and Ray were so different from John Sheldon—from Bill. Occasionally they acted like bitter enemies in their arguments, ready to fly at each other's throat. But later they were friends, laughing together.

"We're frightening Kathie," Gareth said one evening when their words had been especially heated. "See how scared she looks?"

"Yes; and damned pretty, too, Gareth."

"She's a good cook, too. But then, you know that. You've tasted her cooking."

"I'd want to know that her dental work is good, Gareth, and that her political views are liberal. And of course whether she'd had good groundwork on cribbage. It's a nice game for evenings."

"I'll guarantee to teach her."

"I think I'll take her, then."

"Is it settled, Kathie?" Gareth turned to her.

"Quite settled, sir."

After Ray left and Kathie was undressed, Gareth came to her bedroom door.

"That was a lot of nonsense tonight. Did you mind our teasing?"

"Of course not, silly."

"He's in love with you—did you know?"

"I seem to see signs of it."

"What do you think about it?"

"What do *you* think about it?" she parried.

"I'm not so helpless as I was. I can look around and feel that—well, maybe I can get along by myself. I can reason with myself and say, Kathie may find herself in love with Bill or Ray. She may marry. She may go away from me. Still, I'd like to see Bill McClure. I'd like to know whether he would be right for you."

"You follow this road till you come to a sign saying 'Private Property,' crawl under the fence and walk straight ahead to a gate that's lettered 'Keep Out,' go through it and turn right till you see a 'Do Not Trespass' sign. Just beyond that there's a lot of signs saying 'No Hunting' . . . You can shoot all the rabbits any man'd want right there!"

He saw Bill sooner than he expected. The next evening, after dinner, he came.

"Why, Bill!" Kathie exclaimed when she opened the door.

"I couldn't stand it any longer, so I flew up. We've got to get things settled." He looked across the room to where Gareth was sitting at his typewriter. Kathie saw his shoulders stiffen.

"This is my father, Bill," she said.

Gareth got up, his hand outstretched. His smile was broad and welcoming as he took a step forward. But it faded quickly and he stopped where he was when Bill merely inclined his head.

"How do you do?" Bill said. Then he turned quickly to Kathie. "I've got to see you alone. I have to take the midnight plane back south."

They went out into the hall and started down the steps. He was talking, but she didn't hear him. She kept seeing Gareth's eyes as they left, and the hard remnant of the smile at the corners of his mouth.

"YOU didn't even shake hands with him, Bill." She was interrupting him, but she didn't realize it.

"Shake hands with him? Naturally I didn't. Why should I? He had to know sometime how I felt about him—that I couldn't have him in our home."

She stopped and took a firm hold on the banister. "It won't be *our* home, Bill, because we aren't going to have a home together. We aren't going to be married."

"Don't let's quarrel, Kathie, because I don't intend to throw out the welcome mat for a father you never saw until a month ago."

"It isn't a quarrel. It's the end—for us. Upstairs, when you let Gareth down, I knew I didn't love you. That was the end for me. So that's all."

"Kathie, you're angry, and this *is* only a quarrel—"

"No; this is the end." She was running up the stairs two at a time.

Gareth was standing by the window when she came in.

"I'm so sorry!" she said breathlessly. "He's gone—everything is over. Oh, Gareth, I'm so happy about it!"

"You didn't need to send him away on account of me, my dear. I won't have you making sacrifices for me—your life botched up, too; you unhappy. I couldn't stand it."

"But, darling, I'm not making sacrifices, and I didn't send him away on account of you, and I'm not unhappy. I just told you I was so happy. There's a big weight off my mind, because I know now I don't love him. You see, don't you? You believe me?"

"I see that you would have been happier if you hadn't come looking for me."

"No, Gareth! Never! I don't want you to feel like that. It's not true."

He went back to work. The typing went on furiously. Sometimes he seemed to be tearing the machine to pieces. Then again the room would be quiet as he sat thinking and groping for some phrase that wouldn't come.

"I'm majoring in English, minoring in art, and specializing in welding."

He's forgotten Bill already, Kathie said to herself happily. I'm glad he could plunge right into his work.

Later, when he left the machine, she said, "Some hot chocolate now, darling, and a cheese sandwich? That would taste good, wouldn't it?"

"Excellent. I finished it—all but the last scene. Tomorrow I'll be all through! It'll be a cinch."

"Ray goes to New York Thursday morning. I thought we could have a sort of finishing celebration."

He didn't answer. When she came in later with the tray, he was leaning back on the couch, his eyes half closed.

"Let's drink to it!" She gave him his cup and held out hers. "To the play, darling! To New York!"

"To New York," he repeated softly. "I never thought I wanted to see it again, but I find I do." He took a long drink of the chocolate.

"Yes, let's have the 'finishing celebration,'" he said. "We'll go out to dinner tomorrow night, and then we'll go to a show. We might even go dancing—you and Ray will want to dance, even if I don't. He's going with us, don't you think?"

"Yes, it would be nice."

"Let's set a dead line. By four o'clock tomorrow afternoon Mrs. Allister will be done. Complete to 'The End.'"

"Four o'clock," she repeated. "It's wonderful, Gareth. Here I thought there would be a rush at the end, and we'd have to fly down to the airport almost on wings to give the manuscript to Ray just as he was boarding the plane. Sort of movie-like. What about your corrections? I can start copying this, if you've made them."

"They're all made. You can start any time."

"I'll call Ray first and tell him about the finishing celebration."

"Tell him we'll meet downtown at seven. There's no need for him to come out here for us."

KATHIE went to the telephone and dialed Ray's number quickly, and then she remembered that the reason he hadn't come this evening was because of a late meeting.

"I forgot," she said as she left the phone. "He's at a meeting."

Gareth didn't answer, but she didn't think anything about that. She remembered later that as she sat down she didn't think about anything except that tomorrow would finish off Mrs. Allister.

She said to herself, as she sat looking at the pile of manuscript beside the typewriter, Tomorrow, tomorrow. It's here—almost.

She read through the work that Gareth had done tonight. It was so good, so fine. So almost finished. There was only lacking the final scene, in which Mrs. Allister faced the committee of town people. But Kathie knew how the scene was to go. Gareth had gone over it with her many times.

"Gareth, it's good! Gareth! Do you hear me? Where are you?"

He's gone for cigarettes, she told herself as she put down the pages. But there was a carton of cigarettes on the desk, by the telephone.

He'll come back in a minute, of course.

But he didn't. When she looked around the apartment for him, she couldn't find him.

She was worried now. She went into the kitchen and opened the cupboard. The bottle was still there, untouched.

Snatching up a sweater, she went into the hall and down the long corridor. She took the stairs two at a time.

The steep hill to the boulevard wasn't meant for racing, but Kathie raced down it. First she went to the drugstore three blocks away, where she and Gareth often stopped to buy cigarettes or magazines or to sit at the fountain for a soda. The store was empty except for Charlie, the night man.

"Has Mr. Howe been in?" she asked.

"Haven't seen him tonight."

From there she went to the park—down one dark path, up another. All the paths she and Gareth had ever taken.

There was no sound except her own stumbling steps, and the surprised twitter of birds she was disturbing, and the rustling of the low-hung branches of the trees as she brushed past them.

She wasn't conscious of the dark as she went. She hardly realized it was night.

After she left the park she made a long swing around the hill. It was a route they often took on their way home.

He wasn't at home when she got there. She had gone in full of hope, opened the door saying, Of course he's there. I'm a fool. He'll laugh when I come in, and I'll make coffee and everything will be the same.

"He couldn't have gone, could he, because he thought I loved Bill?" she murmured desperately. "But I told him the truth. Maybe he didn't believe me—maybe he thought by going he would leave me free—"

At midnight she carried her typewriter out of her room and put it on the table beside Gareth's. She thought she'd go mad if she didn't have something to do, so she started copying the third act. At times the sound of the keys pecking in the quiet room gave the illusion he was still there. Then suddenly she would look up and know he was gone, and she would leave the machine, tiptoe down the hall, down the stairs, to watch for him in the street.

She didn't go out that morning. She called the grocery and ordered what she needed, including a roast for dinner. Then she waited.

When the phone rang about noon, she hurried to it, positive it was Gareth. It was Ray. A sick, dizzy feeling came over her, but she tried to pretend nothing had happened and that Gareth was sitting on the couch.

"We're just having lunch," she lied.

"Gareth's grumpy because he had a bad morning. Nothing but tearing sheets out of his typewriter and chucking them into the wastebasket. I don't think you'd better come over tonight." She attempted a laugh, but it was a sorry effort, more like a sob.

"What's the matter, Kathie?" she heard him ask.

"Nothing; nothing—really."

"I'm coming right out."

"No! No! Ray, don't come!" But she was holding a dead line.

He got there incredibly fast. It seemed to Kathie that he must have flown, for all of a sudden she looked up and there he was.

"Gareth has gone, Kathie," he said slowly.

"He isn't gone; he's out for a walk." She turned away.

"I don't know why you think you have to lie to me. When did he go?"

"Last night. And the play isn't finished. There was only one more scene to do—the last scene. I didn't watch him closely enough."

"I was afraid of it." He sat down beside her on the couch.

"But he'll come back! I know it! I feel it!" She spoke passionately.

"You have so much faith in him, Kathie."

"If he doesn't come back before you go to New York—could you take the play with you as it is?"

"I'm not going now. I'll put off the trip for a while. But I'll send the play as it is to Max Damon today air mail for a reading. It won't matter whether the last scene is done or not."

As the days went on, Gareth's trail stopped exactly at the point where it began—that moment when Kathie had telephoned Ray. It clung there in the apartment, so near and yet so far. No one had seen him leave the building. Charlie at the drugstore knew no more than he had that first night. The police had no record of a pick-up of his description, nor the hospitals, nor the morgue.

"I don't understand," Kathie said the fifth day, when she and Ray were still without news. "He always left so many clues. Bits scattered here and there, like paper. Like 'run, sheep, run.' He didn't make a secret of what he was doing. And this seems so secret. It's not like him."

"We've got a good detective agency working now. If he's left town, we'll soon know. But, Kathie, you've got to get out," Ray pleaded. "You can't sit here day after day, night after night, just waiting. You need some air. Why don't we take a long walk?"

"He may come while I'm gone. I want to be here when he comes."

"He might not come back—"

"He'll come back."

The phone rang and Kathie sprang to her feet. Any call might be a call from Gareth. But in a moment she was turning the phone over dejectedly to Ray.

"It's a long-distance for you from New York."

She was used to calls for Ray. During the day, if he happened to be with her, his office transferred calls to the apartment. At night his hotel had her number. Sometimes the conversations were long, sometimes short. This one went on and on. But she didn't listen. She stood by the window, looking out at the harbor, seeing the blue water and the ships, and yet not seeing them. That was the way she saw everything these days. She could look for hours through the window, and come away without remembering anything except that Gareth was still gone.

Finally Ray put the phone back on its cradle and went to her. She started as he touched her arm.

"It was Max Damon about the play. He's crazy about it. He wants to produce it. Myra Taggard is reading it now. He wants her to play Mrs. Allister—"

Max Damon. Myra Taggard—the great Myra Taggard. She groped for his hand. The room was twisting around and around.

Everything was a spinning blur—the walls, the furniture, Gareth's typewriter.

"STEADY now," he said, and put an arm around her and led her to the couch.

She didn't feel so rocky when she was sitting down. The room settled into place. Suddenly she felt his lips on her cheek.

"Kathie, I love you—but you must know that, don't you?"

"I know, and I love you too, so much—I don't know how to tell you—"

This was a different love than she had had for Bill McClure. That seemed so immature now, like a little spark that had fluttered somewhere back in her life and had sputtered out. A different love, too, than she had for Leah and for John Sheldon and for Gareth. This was the love of a woman for her man. A great tide of love carrying her into Ray's heart.

The sunset came. The sky was a tattered crimson flag dripping its folds into the water. The room was drenched in the same crimson. It touched Kathie's face, and Ray's. It dyed the papers by the typewriter.

They sat looking out at the water and the sky quietly. Neither of them felt the need of words. Some had been said, simple loving words—but not many of those.

Kathie lifted her head from his shoulder and looked toward the door.

"It sounds like some one turning the knob," she whispered.

The noise came again.

"The door's unlocked," Ray said.

Gareth came in slowly. He looked tired and there were days of dark beard on his face. His clothes were wrinkled.

"I'm here, Kathie. I came back to finish the play." His voice was hoarse and he laughed, but it wasn't a bitter laugh. It was a happy one. "The prodigal father wants a bath and a shave right away."

Her arms were around him and her cheek was against the stubble on his face. He pushed her away and slipped into the bathroom. In a moment Kathie and Ray heard the rush of water in the tub.

"Didn't I tell you?" she demanded of Ray. She was so straight and slim and proud as she stood before him. "Didn't I tell you he'd be back?"

She ran into the kitchen and snatched an apron off a hook by the stove. "I've got some steaks and I'll

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20 QUESTIONS

1. What do these men have in common: Hercule Poirot, Nero Wolfe, and Lord Peter Wimsey?

2. Which of the following would you find in a zoo—tiglon, pylon, or nylon?

3. Is Blenheim a Nazi ambassador, a British plane, or a Dutch diamond?

4. What does the U. S. Navy mean by lieutenant (j. g.), and what is the equivalent rank in the army?

5. What did these women have in common: Martha Custis, Mary Todd, and Lou Henry?

6. Only one U. S. President was unmarried. Was it Jefferson, Buchanan, or Taft?

7. What is the capital of Canada?

8. Platonic, tectonic, sardonic—which of these words is applied to rock formations?

9. What is said to have been the greatest sea-borne troop movement of all time?

10. More than 200,000 men celebrated their birthday on November 10. What is their common occupation?

11. By what more familiar name do you know the O'Daniel Amendment?

12. Who is Gaston Henry-Haye?

13. What is the reported method by which French General Giraud is supposed to have escaped from the Nazis?

14. Who is William Schneiderman?

15. Is Casablanca in Spain, Italy, or French Morocco?

16. Is the Bey of Tunis an African ruler, a body of water, or a popular song?

17. What is the last name of these famous brothers of fiction: Tom, Dick, and Sam?

18. Who started the first circulating library in America?

19. Is Jean Darlan a leader of the Free French, a leader of the Vichy French, or the hero of Pride and Prejudice?

20. A Denver church has received nationwide press notice for an addition it made to the Lord's Prayer. What was the addition?

(*Answers will be found on page* 37)

make hashed brown potatoes and we'll have oceans of sliced tomatoes. Ray"—she turned from the potato bin—"do you realize that, in all these years he's been running away, this is the first time he's come back?"

He nodded happily.

"He turned around and he came back, Ray. That means everything. That means he won't run away again. Oh, Ray! He's going to face his problems in the future like the man he is. He isn't going to skip away from them."

The sunset was gone when Gareth appeared at the kitchen door. He was shaved, his hair was wet. His clean white shirt was open at the neck.

"You must have been expecting me," he said as he saw the three steaks ready to go into the broiler.

"We were." Kathie glanced up joyfully from the stove. "I've had dinner for three ever since you left."

"I'm sorry, Kathie."

"You don't have to tell me; I know."

"I didn't take a drink while I was gone. I fought that out. It wasn't so pleasant. Hello, Ray." He turned to Ray as if he had noticed him for the first time.

"Max Damon is going to produce the play, Gareth. Ray sent it on as it was to New York," Kathie said.

"Well—well—" He looked from one to the other, a queer, puzzled frown on his face. Then he turned and went slowly into the living room. Kathie watched him from the door as he sank down on the couch. He was leaning forward stiffly, the same bewildered look on his face. It was as if he didn't understand.

She hurried into the room and took hold of his arm.

"IT'S true, Gareth. Mr. Damon told Ray on the phone that it's a wonderful play. I'm so proud of you!"

He patted her hand and smiled, but it wasn't one of his natural spontaneous smiles. It was slower, a little forced.

"I'm so glad—I wanted you to be proud of me. I wanted Leah to be proud, too."

"She will be, darling. As proud as I am. We'll get her to New York for the opening, and she'll sit with us."

"Do you think she would?"

"I know she would. Gareth, Ray and I are going to be married."

His old sure smile came back as he put his arms around her. "So it was Ray all along? I was afraid it was Bill and that I'd spoiled everything for you. That was why I went away, dear. Because I couldn't bear to make you unhappy. I thought if I scrammed you'd go back to Bill and everything would be all right. Then I got to thinking you expected me to finish the play, so I came back. I hoped you wouldn't be here when I came. I planned to do the work, and then make another getaway. But now I'll stay. Kathie, I'm so glad to stay!"

She put out her free hand and pulled Ray down on the couch, too, so that she was between her two men.

THE END

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Sealed with the green stamp that stands for the strictest whiskey standards in the world . . .

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OLD TAYLOR
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National Distillers
Products Corporation, New York

WARNER BROTHER NUMBER ONE

"No more stunts," he ordered — then out-Barnumed Barnum with "legitimate news"

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

Harry Warner, "showman extraordinary."

NOTHING is stronger than human resistance to accepting knowledge. Nothing is weaker than people's ability to distinguish between diamonds and glass.

The former conviction was expressed by Theodore Roosevelt. The latter observation was made by Harry M. Warner.

A consummate politician, Mr. Roosevelt understood that a successful vote-getter must sugarcoat the unpalatable truth. A showman extraordinary, Mr. Warner realized that a successful producer must out-Barnum P. T. Barnum and make Baron Munchausen look like George Washington.

There is a lot in common between the election campaigns of the first Roosevelt and the promotion campaigns of Harry Warner, but nothing at all in common between the publicity methods introduced by the Warner Brothers and those used by their predecessors.

When Harry managed to elbow his way into the industry about 1918, publicity was still considered notoriety. The ballyhoo racket (it was a racket) was controlled by a handful of Broadway press agents. They made money, plenty of it, but they delivered little. The more Harry saw of those aces of the promotion game in action, the less he thought of them. Every blessed one relied on his ability to outwit the newspaper editors and befuddle the public; none possessed real tools or developed anything resembling a technique.

Harry Reichenbach (the number one press agent of that time) would bring a gorilla into a Broadway hotel, that being his way of hinting to the denizens of New York that they were about to behold a Tarzan picture.

Will Page (another ace of the period) would overhear a drenchingly beautiful Ziegfeld blonde say, "I'd rather eat with a pig than with that horrible fat man," and bingo! Page would immediately throw a party at which the outspoken young lady would be seated next to—yes, you guessed it—a real pig.

Still another luminary would hire 300 young unemployables, put them in dinner jackets, and order them to walk in and out of a certain Broadway picture house, thus creating the impression that the place was patronized by Society.

As stunts go, those were not bad, but, unfortunately for the future of the racket, they were overtaxing both the patience of the editors and the credulity of the public. That old reliable of the Broadway press agents, the story of an actress who was held up by masked bandits, had reached such a low point in news value that when a famous musical-comedy star was really and truly robbed in her dressing room in the winter of 1917, no New York newspaper would so much as mention the incident. "Just another Will Page yarn," said the gloomy men at the city desks, and let it go at that.

The episode made an everlasting impression on Harry. He saw the handwriting on the wall. It became clear to him that promotion men must either change their methods drastically and immediately or face sudden death.

"No more stunts," he ordered his publicity department. "From now on, I insist on legitimate news. The slogan of the New York Times is good enough for the Warner Brothers: 'All the news that's fit to print.' "

There was, of course—and still is—a slight difference between "news" as the editors of the New York Times understand that word and "news" as the Warner Brothers grasp it. The venerable New York paper does not create news; it merely covers news. The Warner Brothers, on the other hand, feel it is their duty to lend a helping hand to unborn events. Unlike the New York Times, they create news—legitimate news, to be sure.

In the past ten years the Warner Brothers grabbed more free space in the newspapers than all the other motion-picture companies combined. Favoritism? Not at all. It's just that editors do not throw legitimate news in the wastepaper basket. One may laugh off the story of a gorilla lunching at the Astor Grill, but even the most hard-boiled managing editor in America must give space to a dispatch dealing with the arrival of six trainloads of celebrities at Dodge City, Kansas. What if that dispatch should mention also that all those governors, senators, federal judges, movie stars, and opera prima donnas made the pilgrimage for the express purpose of witnessing the world première of Dodge City, a Warner Brothers picture starring Ann Sheridan? What of it, indeed! The point remains that the six special trains, coming from east, south, north, and west, did reach Dodge City.

Charles Einfeld, Warner publicity ace.

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES

THE knack for turning so-so pictures into legitimate news and smash hits with the aid of a junket was developed by the Warners in 1933. In the month of February of that tragic year when the banks were dying and the motion-picture business was so bad that even the Broadway houses were playing to empty benches, the brothers had a brain storm. "Bank holiday or no bank holiday," they decided, "people still want to be thrilled. They'll appreciate a good laugh now more than ever, provided we tackle them in the right fashion." It must be explained that at that moment they had on their hands a picture known as 42nd Street, a musical which had set them back a million dollars and which was certain to lose at least half of that sum because of the panic.

Harry visualized a train, a long glittering train made up of Pullman cars and carrying a huge electric sign in the rear—42nd Street Special. He put himself in the position of a person living in a small town situated somewhere between Los Angeles and New York. Suppose he were to pick up his morning newspaper and discover that the 42nd Street Special, with numerous Hollywood stars aboard, would arrive at the depot and remain there for three hours the following day. Would he be tempted to take a look at the stars? The odds were five to one that he would. More than that, not only would he go to the depot, but when a week later he noticed passing by his neighborhood playhouse a sign reading 42nd Street, he would rush in, because, having seen the stars, he would want to watch them act.

The success of the 42nd Street Special is history. Exhibitors still speak of it in hushed tones. Wherever the train stopped—it seems to have stopped at almost every railroad station in the United States—it left a wave of prosperity in its wake. The theaters that played 42nd Street had to post an S. R. O. sign. The other theaters benefited as well. "Things can't be so bad as we thought," said the customers, "if a hard-boiled motion-picture company is willing to spend a fortune on a crazy stunt like that."

IN the eight years that followed the brothers conducted many more junkets. Thanks to them and their desire to create legitimate news, several hundred American newspapermen, not to mention governors, senators, and federal judges, were given a chance to see America on the cuff. They were taken to Weaverville, California, for the opening of Gold Is Where You Find It; to Columbia City, Indiana, because of White Banners (Lloyd Douglas, the author of the story, having been born in that city); to Lexington, Virginia, where Brother Rat, a play dealing with the goings on at the Virginia Military Institute, was first shown; to San Diego, California, for the première of Wings of the Navy; to Tulsa and Oklahoma City for the unveiling of Oklahoma Kid (the rivalry between those cities being what it is, Warners decided to play safe); to State Center, Iowa, for the first glimpse of Gantry the Great (the reason for selecting State Center, Iowa, of all places, was explained by the brothers on the following grounds: "The action of the picture takes place in a one-horse town; State Center, Iowa, turned out to be the only community on the North American continent to claim that dubious distinction"); to New York City because of Fighting 69th; to Virginia City, Nevada, for the opening of the picture by the same name; to South Bend, Indiana, for Knute Rockne of Notre Dame; to Tacoma, Washington, because of Tugboat Annie Sails Again; to Sante Fe, New Mexico, to pay homage to The Sante Fe Trail; to Washington, D. C., to behold One Foot in Heaven (the selection of the national capital for that particular

NOTRE DAME
and
SOUTH BEND
Say
WELCOME
NATIONAL
ROCKNE WEEK
SEPT. 29-OCT
NATIONAL
ROCKNE WEEK

The brothers spared no expense at the world première in South Bend, Indiana, of Knute Rockne of Notre Dame, described in the press releases as "the Best News of the Year."

WARNER BROS
42ND
STREET
SPECIAL
GE

The first Warner junket across the continent, to drum up good business in bad times for the million-dollar musical, 42nd Street, left a wave of prosperity in its wake.

A parade in Dodge City, Kansas, before the première of the picture of that name.

world première provided a six-months supply of laughs for the columnists); and, finally, the dusty travelers were taken, shortly before the outbreak of the war, for a nowhere-and-return cruise aboard the S.S. America in order to watch the screening of Jack London's Sea Wolf (a magnificent promotion idea which unfortunately didn't quite justify the expense because the Pacific refused to co-operate and 90 per cent of the guests got seasick and remained in their cabins).

When newspapermen and liquor get together you can't predict what will come out in the papers. The Warners, after a few sad experiences, decided either to stop serving firewater to the scribes or solve the problem in some other less drastic but equally efficient way.

After a great many conferences with their publicity genius Charles Einfeld, it was decided that next to newspapermen a wise and understanding physician was the most important ingredient of a junket. And so, when the glittering special train left Burbank for Dodge City on a peaceful March afternoon of 1939, it carried aboard a well known Los Angeles doctor. A jovial fellow, he spent the following forty-eight hours marching up and down the train mixing with the guests.

The night before the train was to reach its destination, he heard the sound of angry voices coming from a drawing room occupied by a representative of an important daily. It turned out that the gentleman was having a slight argument with a woman star. She thought that he was acting foolishly and that she should withdraw at once. He felt convinced that she would do nothing of the sort, but would instead remain right where she was and have another drink.

"A great idea!" exclaimed the beaming medico. "Suppose we all have a drink. If I may say so myself, I bow to no bartender in the world when it comes to mixing a pick-me-up. Let me show you what I can do."

TEN minutes later the aggressive gentleman of the press was snoring at the top of his lungs. When he woke up, hours and hours later, he discovered that the world première in Dodge City had already taken place but that a good Samaritan of the Warners' publicity department had filed his copy for him.

Preparedness is the motto of the Warners. But so many things can happen on a junket that several times even they were stumped.

Once upon a time, acting with the best intentions in the world, they asked their guest of honor, the governor of a southwestern state, to appear on the platform of the observation car and make a short speech. The governor obliged, but the reaction of the crowd filled the hearts of the brothers with anguish. Instead of giving a big hand to the man who was introduced as "that outstanding American, that great executive, that peerless statesman," some 2,000 men and women yelled, "To hell with him—we came to see Gene Autry and his horse."

As a rule, the Chamber of Commerce of the town selected for a junket volunteered to underwrite at least a small part of the cost. But when the Warners were about to immortalize Virginia City, their representative discovered something that made him reject—politely but firmly—a very substantial check. It so happened that the would-be benefactor was the proprietor of a chain of disorderly houses.

No such embarrassment awaited the junket men in Sante Fe, New Mexico, and South Bend, Indiana, but as a net result of those two junkets the creators of legitimate news lost some of their former enthusiasm for the Navajo Indians and the Notre Dame team.

THE blueprint for the pilgrimage to Sante Fe called for a bow-and-arrow tournament. The Indians, all of them, the more the merrier, were invited to enter the contest, to be judged by Ann Sheridan and Rita Hayworth.

DEFINITION

Taxicabs are things that are
Impossible to get
When it's raining and you know
Your hat will spoil if wet.

—RONNIE LEWSON.

The thing looked like a natural. The Warners' publicity boys were already smacking their lips, anticipating a windfall in picture magazines and rotogravure sections. But then an ominous dispatch arrived at the Warner Studios in Burbank, California. Their advance man notified them, in words of one syllable, that he could not find a single Indian in or around Santa Fe who knew anything whatsoever about the noble art of the bow and arrow. They knew everything about dice, poker, bridge, and even gin rummy. They could hit the bull's-eye with a rifle or a pistol. They could dance—rumba, samba, and conga. They could recite the Gettysburg Address and the latest income-tax bill. But they were complete washouts when it came to handling a bow. The situation called for desperate measures.

After much telephoning, local and long-distance, the Warners discovered that the greatest and only available bow-and-arrow expert in California worked in their wardrobe department, of all places. He was nobody's Indian—both his parents came from County Cork—but he was willing and ready to teach the Navajo Indians—or any other Indians, for that matter—how to hit a target with an arrow. Half an hour later he was sent aboard a chartered plane to Sante Fe. By the time the special trains reached New Mexico the Indians were sufficiently well trained to face Rita Hayworth.

Another near calamity befell the brothers a few months later. About to unveil Knute Rockne of Notre Dame, a picture described in their press releases as "the Best News of the Year," they decided that the world première should take place in South Bend, Indiana, and that no expense should be spared. Four special trains carrying an impressive cargo of senators, congressmen, newspaper publishers, famous football coaches, Knute Rockne's favorite pupils, stage, screen, and radio stars, band leaders, night-club entertainers, etc., etc., descended on the gaily bedecked town. For the first time in the history of the University of Notre Dame, ladies were served in its huge banquet hall. For the first time in the history of the State of Indiana, office seekers found themselves outnumbered by pleasure seekers. And for the first time in their career, the brothers were confronted with a situation which they could neither foresee nor explain.

The incredible event took place at the Stadium, at a game between the Irish and the Pacific College, staged as a fighting climax to the two-day celebrations. Wearing very collegiate-looking sweaters, the Warners' publicity boys were hopping from box to box, shaking hands right and left, and telling everybody, "Just wait—just wait. You'll see what our team will do to those fellows!" Our team meant the Notre Dame, of course. When our team finally appeared on the field, even the cheer leaders of Notre Dame, never known for undue conservatism, were taken aback by the wild yells coming from the Warners' publicity boys.

The Irish acknowledged the cheers and went to work. Eight minutes later the calamity occurred. It occurred so suddenly that some of the Warners' boys were still cheering. The Pacific College team scored a touchdown and, to add insult to injury, kicked the extra point.

A dead silence fell over the Warners' side of the Stadium. Shaking all over, pale and haggard, Warners' publicity man, Charles Einfeld, turned to his assistant.

"What goes on?" he shouted. "Who is responsible for this preposterous situation?"

His assistant sighed, weighed the question gravely, then gave voice to what has since become a Hollywood classic.

"Well, Charlie," he said, "we did all we could. Now it's up to the team."

PEARL HARBOR and America's entry into the war put an end to the junkets. Nowadays the Warners spend money not on creating legitimate news but on making numberless shorts that popularize the Atlantic Charter, the deeds of American heroes, the technique and routine of flying, etc. A pioneer in the field of anti-

Nazi films (he broke off relations with the Axis way back in the 1930s), Harry Warner insists that, at least for the duration, each and every picture that comes out of the plant at Burbank should be more than mere entertainment. He outbid all other companies on the movie rights to Irving Berlin's This Is the Army because the author and all others responsible for the show have agreed to turn the profits over to Army Relief.

"The Court of Appeals"—as he is known on the lot—Harry Warner does not take his solemn title seriously. In the first place, "they never bring anything to me unless it's already wrong," he confides, with a grin. And, in the second place, now that his brother Jack is in the army, he is in the very thick of things once more. It is his duty to arbitrate disputes between actors and producers, directors and the story department, sales forces and exhibitors, flamboyant idea men and the overskeptical Warners lawyers. This means work. Plenty of it.

His favorite time of the day is that hour which he spends at the luncheon table in the executives' dining room. Not because of the food but because of the conversation. An orator and a debater, he thrives on cross-examining visiting firemen and presiding over that unique forum of the screen. No subject—be it mechanized warfare, the shortage of scrap, or the newest ways of using the sulfa drugs—stumps him. An "expert" invited to partake of food at his table usually feels as if, instead of loafing in the glamorous atmosphere of a motion-picture studio, he had gone through a whole afternoon of merciless grueling. "I thought that Tom Dewey knew a thing or two about the art of cross-examination," said a well known New York politician, "but then I lunched with Harry Warner. Give me Dewey any time."

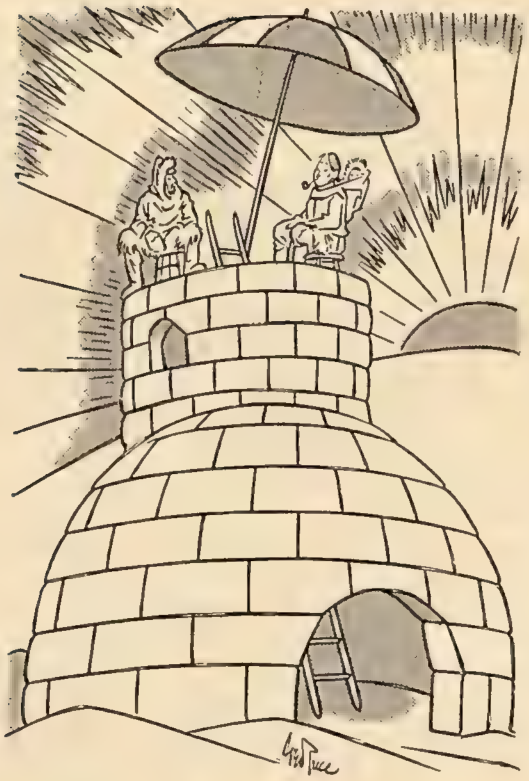
At a recent Los Angeles banquet which was to usher in a charity drive, Harry was introduced as "the outstanding success of our times." He smiled, got up, studied the master of ceremonies as if to make sure that he was not kidding, then said:

"Ladies and gentlemen. So I'm supposed to be a success—an outstanding success, at that. Well, let me tell you of a talk I had not so long ago with my doctor. I wasn't feeling so well. I thought I'd better go and see him. First of all, he asked me whether or not I did any drinking. I replied honestly that once a month I did take a cocktail or a highball. 'Cut it out,' he ordered. Then he looked at my cigar and said, 'I see you smoke cigars. How many a day?' 'Oh, three or four, doctor.' 'Stop it at once. No more smoking for you. And now, what do you eat?' I confessed that I ate what most people eat. Chops and chicken and steaks. 'Aha,' he said. 'Chops and chicken and steaks! We'll see to that. I'll give you a diet, and there won't be any chops or chicken or steaks on it.' So, here I am, ladies and gentlemen. I can't drink. I can't smoke. I can't even eat what I like. But I'm a success. Oh, yes—an outstanding one."

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*



BIGLOO: A de luxe Eskimo dwelling.

GRASSIERE: A Hawaiian undergarment.

SAHARAMONY: A sheik's wedding.

GOWAYSIS: A desert mirage.

SNOEL: White Christmas

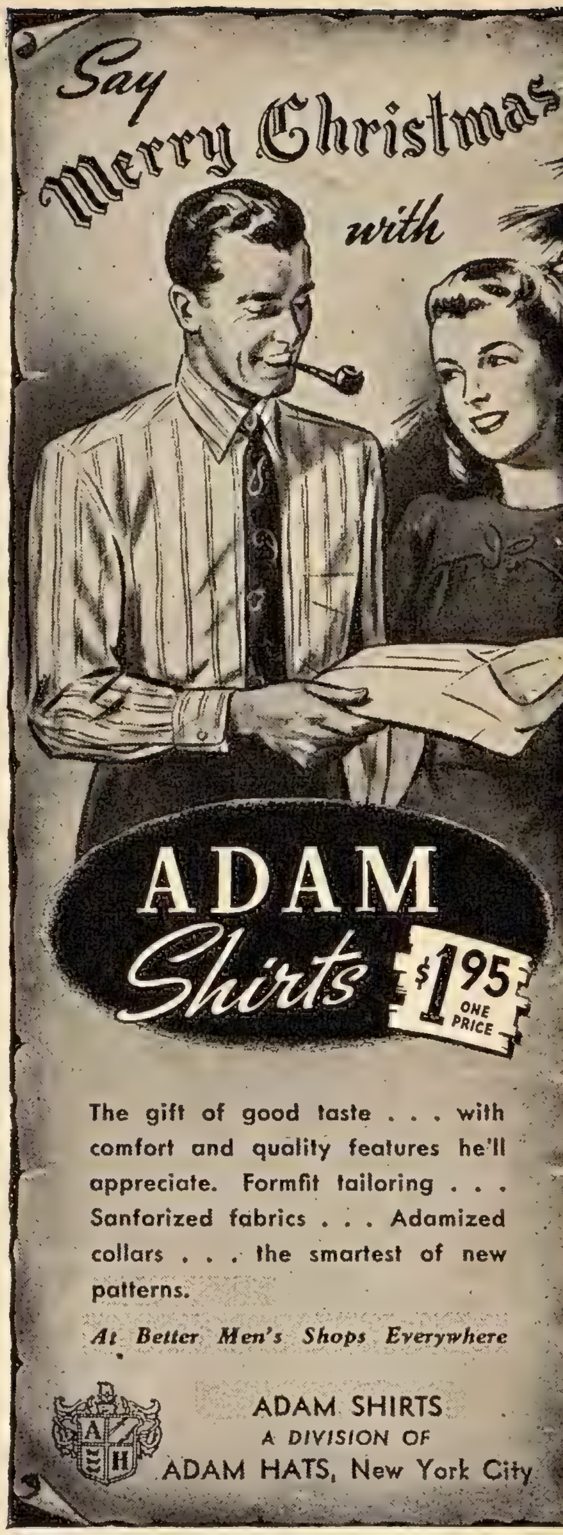
WRAPSCALLION: Hat-check girl in a clip joint.

BELLYVATOR: One that goes up too fast.

ENORMOUSE: A rat.

WHOACABULARY: A collection of choice words for teamsters.

ALEUTIANATION: What the Japs thought they saw.



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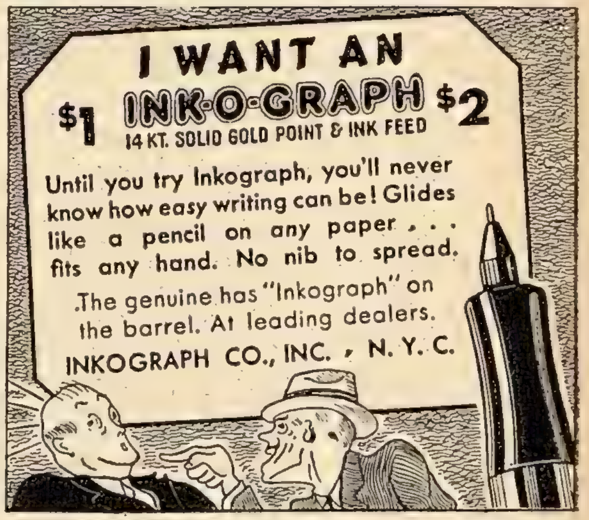

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Soothing, comforting to hot, tired, tender, perspiring, odorous feet. Eases tight shoes. At all Drug, Shoe and Department Stores.

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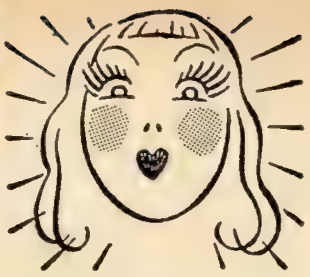


This New York woman specializes in shooing shyness

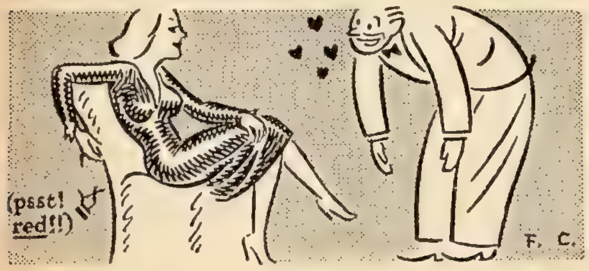
BY KERMIT KAHN

CARTOONS BY F. G. COOPER

PAULINE WOODRUFF TITUS makes a specialty of curing people of their shyness. In the past ten years she has helped more than 700 people in this regard. Wartime stresses have made people even shyer than usual, and Miss Titus is busier than ever. Many of her clients are women whose husbands have been called to the service. Some men who have been rejected by the army come to her from shyness induced by their rejection.

About one out of every two people in the United States is shy, says Miss Titus. Of those that come to her, about 65 per cent are men.

Miss Titus, a pleasant dynamic little lady of forty-five, used to be shy herself. Shy people, she says, have difficulty in carrying on a conversation with people they don't know well.



She corrects this by giving them little tricks. When faced by a lull, she advises them to say, referring to a newspaper item, something like, "I wonder what that man in Indiana finally decided?" This usually piques the interest of the other person immediately, and he generally asks, "*What* man?" Then the shy person, according to Miss Titus, is encouraged by his interest and goes ahead with the story.

A great believer in the effect of color on the human spirit, Miss Titus recommends all shy people to have at least a touch of color, usually red, in their apparel.

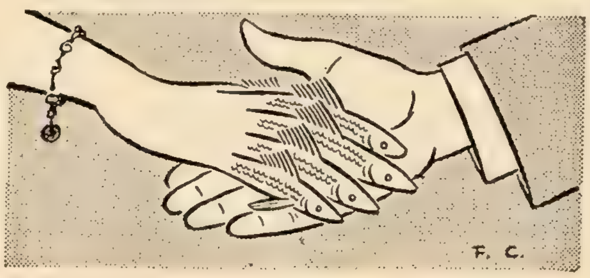
Shy people often give themselves away, she says, by tucking their feet under the chair. She cautions against this, and she shows them how to enter a room vigorously instead of just shuffling in, also how to shake hands in a forthright manner instead of just giving some one five little fish to hold for a while. When a shy person is introduced, he is generally unable to look any one straight in the eye. Miss Titus tells him to just stare at people's noses, if necessary. " 'You must be dynamic—*dynamic!*' I tell them," says Miss Titus dynamically.

Shy people find it hard to make decisions. Once a woman client of Miss Titus was supposed to meet her husband in Florida, and kept putting off the trip, unable to get up the courage to go. Using a childish technique, Miss Titus nevertheless obtained results. She made the woman write out ten times: "I must visit my husband in Florida." This conditioned the woman's mind for the decision, and she soon entrained for the South.

Another woman came confessing shyness because she thought she had a peculiar laugh. She was afraid to laugh in public, and this made her unable to go to the theater or indulge in a normal social life. Miss Titus overcame it by forcing her to laugh in the company of other people, who assured her that her laugh was not unusual, or any more so than Ed Wynn's.

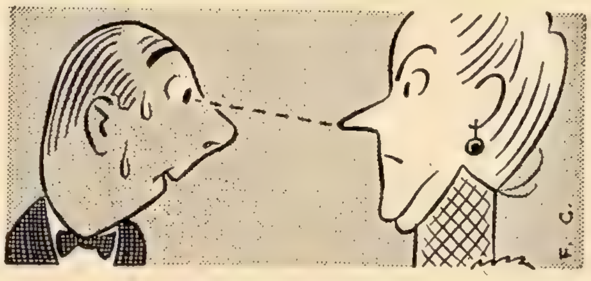
To one man, shy because of his stature, Miss Titus said, "How tall are you?" "Five feet four," said the frightened little man. "So am I," she said promptly, walking around and holding herself high, showing him how, by drawing himself all the way up instead of drooping, he could walk with dignity.

Miss Titus gets along with shy people so well because she used to be shy herself and has never forgotten the torment of it. Only child of an Auburn, New York, family prominent in social-service circles, she became shy originally because she was always in the company of adults, and later found it difficult to adjust herself to children of her own age. Interested from the outset in social-service work, at eighteen she was working in Auburn Prison as unofficial recreational director for the women's prison. Then she helped found the Child Welfare Board of Cayuga County, New York, and then suddenly she became interested in dancing, which today she recommends particularly to shy people. She taught seven different kinds of dancing in five cities in New York State, and at one time had 1,000 pupils studying under her, along with 200 teachers. She has studied dancing in many parts of Europe. In her time she has also been, successively, social director of a Connecticut hotel, newspaperwoman, sales manager for a sportswear manufacturer, and a real-estate operator.



In 1932 she was struck by the marked effect of the depression on people's aggressive qualities. The depression, she thinks, spawned more shyness than anything else. Immediately she launched her crusade, placing modest advertisements in the New York papers. The response was electric, the first insertion bringing more than forty replies. Miss Titus' promotional literature, however, is not high-powered; she feels that this would only frighten shy people.

Today she operates from an office on West Forty-fifth Street in New York. Most of her clients take a standard ten-week course, seeing her once a week. The average age range is between thirty-nine and forty-two, though there was one child of ten and a man of eighty-five. Her clients come from all over, some of them from as far off as Florida or California. She has handled nineteen different nationalities, including a man from Java.



Miss Titus does not confine herself to shy people. She also assists in public-speaking instruction and in personality development. No pretender to deep psychiatry, she feels nevertheless that she can help people out of many of their problems. She is pleased when she has put somebody back "into service." Many people simply cannot assert themselves enough to protect their own business and social welfares. The thought of seeing the boss, for instance, will make them quake.

One woman was so shy that when she had to speak over the telephone she would burst into tears. Her only interest was in nutrition. Miss Titus was finally able to persuade her to speak at small theater-party luncheons on the subject of diet. She graduated to addressing 200 women at a clip on Beauty Through Diet. Other former Titus clients are speaking effectively at Office of Civilian Defense rallies.

Miss Titus admits she is not infallible. Once a Chinese student of twenty-four came to her, saying he was very shy principally because he was bored with people. She talked to him spiritedly for about twenty minutes, outlining her ideas on the technique of conversation. When it was all over, she paused, waiting for reaction. "Yes," said the Chinese student finally, "and I'm *still* bored!"

THE END

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT—Continued from Page 11

without heat. "That is, I am not necessarily always in blind agreement with the King. But to me, as to most Englishmen, the King is a symbol. I am loyal to him because I am loyal to England, because I believe in England's ancient principles of government—"

"Ah, but there is your paradox!" snapped Henry, with an accusing finger leveled at Julian's nose across the table. "George has turned his back on the principles of personal liberty and self-government which England has stood for ever since Runnymede! And therefore, under her present government, England is driving us to extremities to preserve the traditions we were bred in! She is driving us to war! To a war for independence!"

Julian wet his lips. *"Independence!"* he repeated. This was treason.

Mr. Wythe's suave voice slid smoothly into the tension. "There is still time, we hope, to avert an open rupture."

Again there was a stir around the door, and Sprague, who faced it, sprang to his feet.

"Here's Mr. Washington!" he said, and Julian looked curiously at the man who came down the room toward them—a man of commanding height and military carriage, wearing a powdered wig and a sword, and a dark blue uniform with scarlet facings and buff underdress. Heads turned as he passed. He raised his hand in greeting here and there; his smile was benignant and ready.

He rested kindly blue eyes on the face of Julian Day as the introduction was made. "Welcome to Virginia," he smiled. "You find us a trifle—preoccupied but I trust none the less hospitable!"

Surmising that the other three might have things they wished to say to Washington without listeners, Sprague soon made a tactful withdrawal from the table, and Julian followed him out into the soft Southern night.

A coach went by the tavern toward the Capitol Landing, its lamps aglow. Through the cloud of dust it left an odd little group came across the road, its progress lurching and uncertain, punctuated by the rise and fall of a drunken monologue of abuse from the stocky baldheaded man who was its central figure. On either side of him walked a child, a boy and a girl, each striving to support his wavering steps without being trampled on.

Sprague paused with a laugh that was half a sigh.

"Oh, Lord, old man Mawes has done it again!"

"Who is it?" asked Julian.

"That's the town disgrace," said Sprague. "It's quite a story. His wife is a respectable woman who does fine laundry and tries to bring up the twins decently, so we all do what we can." He raised his voice: "Hullo, Tibby, would you like some help?"

"Good evening, sir." The girl's words were jolted by a sudden twist of the thick body of the man as he sought to free himself. "He's not fit to ride the horse, if you p-please, sir. He'll fall off, sure, and break his neck—"

"Lea' me alone, I say, yer dirty little brats! Outa m' way, I say!" The bald man's voice rose angrily.

"If you could persuade him to walk home with us, sir—" gasped the girl.

With a roar of rage and a heave of his burly shoulders, the man wrenched his right arm free of the boy's hold and landed a swinging blow full in her face. She dropped like a rag doll at Julian's feet, hitting the edge of the horse block as she fell.

"Why, you—" Sprague's fist smacked home against the drunkard's jaw, and the man fell to the ground.

The boy was on his knees beside his sister, crying her name, tugging at her with ineffectual hands.

"He's killed her!" he sobbed. "He *said* he would! Oh, Tibby, Tibby, mother was afraid— *He's killed her!*"

"She's not dead, Kit. We'll soon bring her round." Sprague and Julian bent above them and Julian turned the thin body on the ground and gathered it into his arms. "Bring her inside," said Sprague. "We'll send for a doctor. Come along, Kit. Be a man—she isn't badly hurt."

Carrying Tibby Mawes, with the boy Kit sobbing and sniveling beside him, Julian re-entered the taproom, and Sprague began calling for a doctor. A chair was pushed against Julian's knees from behind, and he sat down carefully with the unconscious child on his lap, and found Washington leaning over his shoulder.

"Her arm is broken," said Washington, and set his vast palm under the small tanned wrist where the break was visible. "Graves was here when I came in. Somebody find him."

"Here I am, sir. Let's have a look. 'M-m—that's bad. Where's Wetherburn? I'll want some things at once—"

The innkeeper came running at Washington's shout. More candles, hot water, towels, bandages, and a makeshift splint materialized without delay.

Tibby had not moved or made a sound since Julian picked her up. Her face was hidden against his coat. Her dark smoothly brushed hair was soft against his chin. He raised his head suddenly.

"What became of that brute outside?" he demanded.

"He's spending the night in jail; I saw to that," said Jefferson's husky voice.

"Too good for him!" said Julian, and his cramped arms tightened round his treasure.

At last the doctor finished with a sigh of relief.

"That's all. Give her some brandy now. You're a brave girl, Tibby—we're proud of you."

Julian shifted so that he could see the face against his shoulder. It was white and wet with tears, but her eyes met his—gray eyes, set wide, with dark lashes and fine winged brows.

Sprague leaned over them with a glass of watered brandy.

"Drink this, child," he said. "The worst is over now."

"Where's Kit?" she whispered. "Is Kit all right?"

"I sent him on ahead to tell your mother we'd bring you home," said Sprague. "Your horse is still outside. You can ride it and we'll walk beside you. Can you stand up now, Tibby?" He offered steadying hands and Julian set her feet carefully on the floor.

"This is Mr. Day, Tibby," said Sprague. "He arrived today on the Mary Jones."

Standing before them in a blue calico dress made with a square-cut neck and elbow sleeves in a tight bodice, and a limp gathered skirt that reached her ankles, Tibby made a curtsy.

"How do you do?" said Julian gravely, and she smiled. Her teeth were white and even. Her chin was firm.

When they went outside, an ancient spavined horse was the last one left at the hitching bar.

"We call him Crow's-meat," Tibby explained as they swung her up and she hooked her knee expertly over the pommel, "because he's so old and worthless nobody would own him but us."

They walked through the warm dusk of the Duke of Gloucester Street and turned off to the left toward the Capitol Landing, one on either side of her, a hand on the saddle. Lights were going out in the white houses along the way, and Julian thought of the return journey which must be made still later, and again a sense of the wilderness beyond crinkled all his

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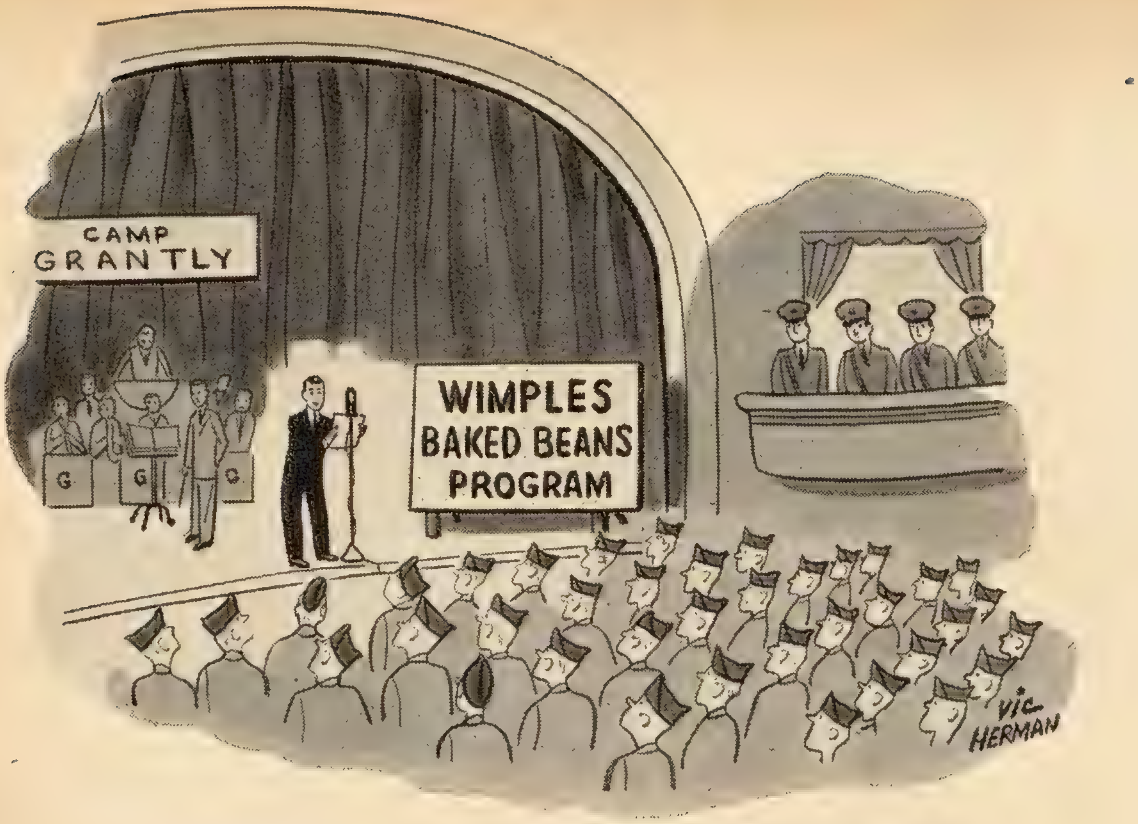
Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1. All are heroes of detective fiction.
2. Tiglon—half lion, half tiger.
3. A British plane.
4. Lieutenant junior grade, equivalent to the army's first lieutenant.
5. They are wives of Presidents Washington, Lincoln, and Hoover respectively.
6. Buchanan.
7. Ottawa.
8. Tectonic.
9. The United States expedition which sailed for the invasion of northern Africa in early November.
10. Fighting. The Marine Corps celebrated its 167th birthday on November 10.
11. The teen-age draft amendment.
12. He was Vichy France's ambassador to Washington.
13. By a rope made from threads enclosed in letters from his wife.
14. The defendant in a case before the Supreme Court. The question is whether or not his citizenship should be revoked because he was a Communist when he applied for naturalization.
15. French Morocco.
16. An African ruler.
17. Rover (the Rover Boys).
18. Benjamin Franklin.
19. A leader of the Vichy French.
20. One line was added—"Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition."



"This broadcast does not necessarily constitute an endorsement of our product by the War Department."

nerves. They came to a lighted cabin set low beside the road on sandy land, a bulk of dark trees behind it, and Crow's-meat stopped abruptly.

Julian lifted Tibby from the horse and carried her to where Sarah Mawes was waiting at the open door.

"Mother, this is Mr. Day," said Tibby, with a note of awe.

"Good evening, sir." But Sarah's anxious gaze sought St. John Sprague, whom she knew well and trusted.

"It's only a broken arm, Sarah," he reassured her quickly. "Tibby was very brave."

"Won't you come inside, Mr. Day?" Sarah backed before him into the room, and Julian ducked under the lintel, guarding Tibby's head.

HE stood a moment with Tibby still in his arms, observing her home in the light of a single lamp on the table in the middle of the room. It was rough and bare, with furnishings that looked homemade; but everything was spotlessly, painfully scrubbed and clean. He set Tibby down reluctantly.

"All right now?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you, sir."

The warmth of her seemed to stay with his empty arms. He turned to her mother.

"You won't have to worry about her," he said. "She's got all the courage she'll ever need."

"Thank you both for bringing her home," said Sarah Mawes, and her smile turned her worn face beautiful.

"It's lucky we were there," said Sprague from the threshold. "Let us know how she gets on, won't you?"

"Thank you, sir; I will."

Julian lingered in the doorway and looked back past Sarah into the room where Tibby stood with Kit's arm around her waist. They were, he saw, fantastically alike, even though Kit wore breeches and his hair was tied back in a queue. But Tibby stood somehow a trifle the taller and straighter in her limp calico gown.

"Good night," he said gently.

She smiled at him.

They walked away through the dark in a silence which the intuitive Sprague forbore to break. He did not know that Julian had forgotten about the wilderness, but he had noticed that the child Tibby had caught the heart of this strange, lonely man from overseas. At last—

"You know, I'm not at all sure I could have done it myself," said Julian. "Had an arm set without a whimper, I mean. How old is she?"

"Ten or so. They're twins, as any one can see. Everybody says Tibby should have been the boy. Kit goes to the dominie's school—the one you're to take over."

"Good. I can keep an eye on them."

"Aunt Anabel tries to do that. Sarah does our fine laundry."

"You said there was a story."

"Well, yes, there is. Jefferson got Kit into the school because Sarah was so anxious for him to learn. She was a bondmaid out from England when she was a girl. She was with a Yorktown family and she had worked out her time and the man she was going to marry had saved up for a little boat of his own. They had only a few more months to go, and he set off on a voyage to Cuba. His ship was never heard of again."

"Then they're not Mawes' children," said Julian, divining it.

"No, they're not. Sarah had her freedom, and the family at Yorktown turned her out, and she couldn't get work, the way she was. Mawes had been hanging around her—he started as a bond servant, too. He swore he didn't care how it was with her, he'd marry her anyway. There wasn't much else she could do. He's always hated the children, though."

"I only wish there was something I could do for them."

"You could let Sarah have your laundry." Sprague held out his hand. "Well, here's where I turn off. Tomorrow you must meet my Aunt Anabel. Come to dinner."

Back in his room at Mrs. Hartley's, Julian lighted the candles. Then he went to the writing table where he had stacked his books and where pens and ink had been provided for his use. He found the handsome leather-bound journal which had been a gift from Dr. Franklin to his father before they left London—the book whose virgin pages awaited the notes for a modern history of America to be written by a man named Day. He moved a candle and sat down at the writing table. He opened the book and dipped a new quill in the inkwell.

"Williamsburg, Virginia," he wrote at the top of the first page. "May 25, 1774."

AFTER breakfast served in his sunny room by the smiling young slave girl Melissa—when Julian's astonished palate had encountered corn bread and fried chicken—he set off for his appointment at Mr. Wythe's house to see about taking the dominie's school. On the Palace Green, Mrs. Hartley told him. Behind the church, to the left. Ask anybody, if he wasn't sure.

Julian found the house easily. It was large and square, and built of brick. A colored butler in green livery opened the door wide into a spacious hall from which a fine staircase rose. He led Julian into a room which was bright with flowered chintz and polished brass and freshly gathered blossoms. Mr. Wythe was waiting for him and at once brought up the subject of the school.

"The dominie is ninety-one," he said, "and will never teach again. We need some one to take the school immediately."

"I—I think I ought to say, sir," said Julian, "that I have had very little experience in teaching. There must be some one else you would prefer—"

Mr. Wythe smiled. "The only applicant who has appeared so far smelled so high of spirits in the middle of the day that we were forced to turn him down."

"I can promise you satisfaction on that point at least." Julian gave him his slow smile.

"Then we'd better go to see the dominie and set his mind at rest," said Mr. Wythe. "He's fretting that his pupils will all grow up ignorant as Indians if something isn't done at once."

The two men stepped out together into the hot sunshine and walked the short distance to the school. It was a plain little building in a dusty yard. Above the single classroom was a dormered attic where the old dominie lived. The old man lay in bed reading a book.

Mr. Wythe introduced Julian. "Mr. Day is here to take over the school for a time," he said, "so you can put your mind at rest about that. I thought you would like to talk it over with him, and with your approval I'll post a notice, as I go out, that classes will resume tomorrow."

"Splendid," said the dominie. "Thank you. Splendid!"

When Mr. Wythe had gone, the dominie questioned Julian closely as to his education, his knowledge of Latin, Greek, mathematics. Then, piddling through his papers and lesson books and records of the pupils' weaknesses and black marks, which Julian brought him from the littered table, he stripped each of the seventeen boys in the school to the farthest dingy corners of his young soul for the young man's inspection.

It was nearly noon when Julian left, promising to return the next day after school to let the dominie know how he had got on.

JULIAN thought St. John Sprague's Aunt Anabel quite the most enchanting creature he had ever known; dainty and gay as a girl, witty and warm as a woman. Her naturally gray hair looked like a powdered wig above her pretty face. It was a revelation to him that a woman could age so gracefully.

Shortly after they sat down to dinner, she adopted him into the family. By the time they rose from the table he had heard his Christian name on her and Sprague's lips more than once.

He listened contentedly to their easy chatter. There was much talk of Dorothea and their plans for bringing her out to Virginia in a year's time. "If only we had known," Aunt Anabel lamented to Julian, "she could have made the voyage with you and would be safely here!"

"She'll be perfectly safe coming out with Regina, auntie," St. John reminded her, and Aunt Anabel gave him an arch look.

"Ah, yes, our Regina!" she murmured. (They pronounced it with a *j* for the *g* and to rhyme with China.) "And it's no good pretending you haven't heard from her, Sinjie, because you've been looking like a cat with a saucer of cream ever since the ship came in!"

"I'm not pretending anything of the kind!" he denied, laughing. "I did have a letter from her—if you can call a dozen lines of nothing a letter!"

"Regina Greensleeves," Aunt Anabel explained to Julian. "She went home to England last year with her mother to be presented to society, if you please! I only hope a London season won't turn her head entirely. She thought quite well enough of herself as it was!"

"Well, she has a right to." St. John took it up amiably. "She was the most beautiful girl in Virginia, and now she's the most beautiful girl in London. She can't help that."

"Does she say so?" queried Aunt Anabel in a small pert voice, and St. John laughed in her face.

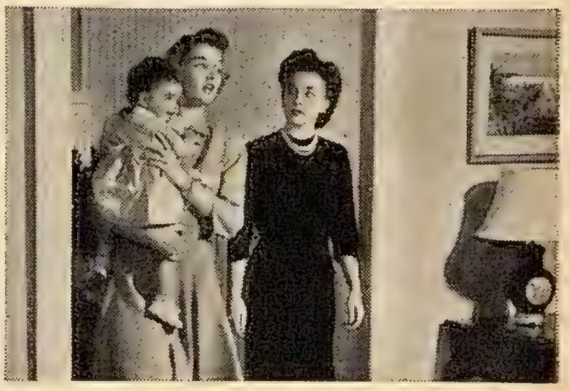
"Meow! You're all jealous of Regina, even the best of you!"

There was gossip of the college, too, which Julian found intensely interesting. President Camm was a violent Tory, they said, and most of the students and professors were Whigs. The

"Everyone says you're tied
to that baby's apron strings!"

1. That remark, coming from Doris, my sister-in-law, really irritated me. And to make it worse she went on about all the special things I had for the baby. "Special *this*, special *that*," she said, "and now even a special *laxative*."

2. "So," I said, "I suppose you think I'm *spoiling* the child! Well, let me tell you my own doctor told me that a baby *needs* special care. A baby isn't just a small-sized adult—its system is a lot more delicate and easily upset.



3. "That's why he approved my giving the baby a laxative made especially for children—Fletcher's Castoria. He told me it contains no harsh adult drugs, so it's safe and gentle and mild. I've found that it works wonderfully, too.

4. "And—since you seem to be so interested—Fletcher's Castoria won't upset the baby's stomach or interfere with appetite and digestion. *Now* do you see why I insist on having a laxative made *especially* for children?"

5. Later on, our druggist told Doris and me: "I recommend Fletcher's Castoria for babies and children up to 10 years old. Especially at this time of year, when colds are so prevalent, making proper elimination more important."

6. I bought the money-saving Family Size bottle. And, the next time the baby needed a laxative I gave her Castoria. "See," I said to Doris, "it's even pleasant-tasting, so children *like* to take it." She just said, "Sister, *you win!*"

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Tory families were inclined to engage private tutors rather than expose their sons to pernicious influences.

Julian remarked that he had hoped to pick up some tutoring to add to their income, but now that his father—

St. John said that was a very good idea and he would see about it tomorrow.

"I must do anything I can to help fill my purse," said Julian, and found that he was discussing his most intimate affairs without any embarrassment. "In fact, I'm not sure I can go on living at Mrs. Hartley's. It's much too—luxurious."

"Oh, Julian, of *course* you can!" Tears stood in Aunt Anabel's eyes.

"But the school pays sixty pounds a year and lodging," said St. John. "Of course while the dominie lives you will have to find your own lodging —he's got nowhere else to go."

"Sixty—" It seemed to Julian at that moment as though it were more money than he had ever heard of.

"It's endowed, you know. Out of the Mallison estate. Mr. Wythe is a trustee. I'll speak to him tomorrow about letting you have the fifteen pounds for your first quarter at once."

FIFTEEN pounds of his very own tomorrow! It was as the wealth of Ind. Julian walked home through the fading light, marveling—and wondering how long it would take him to save enough to pay his passage back to England. . . .

As he approached Mrs. Hartley's house two small figures detached themselves from the steps and stood awaiting him. The white sling which supported Tibby's splinted arm gleamed in the twilight; but it was a cotton square now, and she held Julian's laundered handkerchief folded inside a clean bit of brown paper.

"Well, good evening," he said, and Kit removed his hat and Tibby made a curtsy. He could see that they were dressed in their best for the call. "How is the arm? Does it ache much?"

"Yes, sir," said Tibby, and held out to him the brown-paper parcel. "Mother did up your handkerchief, and thank-you-very-much-for-the-use-of-it."

"Thank *you,*" said Julian. "Will you ask your mother if she would have time to do some laundry for me?"

"Yes, sir; I'm sure she'd be glad to."

"Good. I'll have it ready tomorrow."

The twins stood, not barring his way but looking up at him with eyes full of questioning.

"Is there something I can do for you?" queried Julian helpfully.

"We wanted to ask you—" Kit began, and lost courage.

"Please, sir—" It was Tibby now. "There's a notice on the door of the dominie's school. We saw it when we came by. Are you the Mr. Julian Day it says is going to teach the school?"

"Yes, I'm the one."

"Please, sir—" Tibby raised anxious eyes to Julian's face, and stuck.

"Yes, Tibby?" He sat down on the top step and put out a hand to draw her to him. "Tell me what it is."

"C-could I come to the school?" blurted Tibby, and held her breath.

"The school is for boys," he told her gently.

"She knows as much as a boy, sir." Kit came to stand close on the other side of him. "Mother taught us both to read, out of the Bible. And since I've been going to the dominie's school Tibby's done all my lessons over after me when I get home."

"But there must be some other school—" Julian began.

"There's the dame school, for babies." Tibby mentioned it with scorn. "And there's Mrs. Hallam's school. But that's for young ladies." It was plain she did not consider herself a young lady. "Please, sir, couldn't I come with Kit?"

"But you're not a boy," Julian pointed out.

"She could wear my other suit," suggested Kit, and giggled. "*Nobody* could tell us apart then!"

"I'm afraid that would hardly do." Julian suppressed a smile.

"It seems as though they ought to let a girl get some education if she wants to," said Kit, and Julian looked at him reflectively.

"Yes—yes, it does, doesn't it! It seems to me, Kit, you've got hold of a very sound idea there."

"She could pass an examination, maybe, like for a scholarship," Kit offered hopefully. "She could recite something for you. She knows things by heart, from the Bible and all. Tibby, tell Mr. Day the one you learned last Sunday."

Tibby looked shy.

"Go on, Tibby." Julian was smiling at her.

"'Intreat me not to leave thee,'" Tibby began very low, "'or to return from following—'"

"That's not the one I meant," Kit interrupted, and she quelled him with a look.

"'or—to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.'"

JULIAN sat a moment in silence, staring through the gathering dusk at the small white triangle of her face. It was pure coincidence, of course, he told himself. This weird girl had no possible way of knowing that he meant to return to England. And yet— She looked back at him straightly, under her winged brows.

"Those are beautiful lines," he said. "Do you know the story behind them? Do you know who said them?"

"The story spoils it," said Tibby. "It sounds more beautiful if you forget it was just two women talking."

Julian regarded her speechlessly, and Kit's voice came a little too loud between them:

"Ruth said it to Naomi. They were both widows."

"That's what I mean," said Tibby, without removing her eyes from Julian's face. "Good night, sir. God bless you. Come, Kit."

DURING the early part of August Julian wrote in his diary:

At the August first meeting of the Burgesses at Williamsburg, Jefferson drew up instructions for the delegates who were chosen for the Continental Congress in September. Washington is said to have made the first speech of his career, to the effect that he was willing to raise one thousand men, subsist them at his own expense, and march himself at their head to the relief of Boston. After this astonishing statement he sat down, amid cheers. Patrick Henry, who looks like a village parson and is supposed to speak with the tongue of an angel, calls himself an "American" now.

A non-importation bill is to be introduced, which if passed will work much hardship among the merchant classes both here and in England. Some people express the opinion that that alone will be enough to bring Britain to heel—an odd phrase to my ears, I confess, but the least hint of what is beginning to be known as *Loyalist* sentiment is considered tactless, to say the least, in most public circles, and I am careful to avoid controversy. A schoolmaster must be discreet.

The dominie died a few days ago, leaving his books and poor belongings all to me, along with seventeen pounds in savings, because he had taken a fancy to me. It is enough money, ironically, to buy passage home at once, but to accept it with a clear conscience I must teach the school throughout the year.

The Spragues have forbidden me to take possession of the dominie's room over the school until after the hot weather, so I shall stay on at Mrs. Hartley's another month.

Poor Tibby was downcast when the Trinity term began and she was still excluded from the school. Her memory and gift for repeating verbatim what she has read amaze me. The girl is half elf and wholly fascinating. . . .

At the end of August Tibby's arm had healed nicely, but the swelling from the break was still visible under the golden tanned skin, and she had a trick of rubbing it furtively with her other hand when it ached at a change in the weather. Kit volunteered the information that it was stiff and weak and made her clumsy, so that she dropped things.

By the time torrential autumn rains had washed away the last of the summer sultriness, Julian was ready to move into the dominie's living quarters above the classroom. The place had been thoroughly scrubbed by two of the Spragues' maids, and a bonfire made of most of the ancient contents. Aunt Anabel insisted on sending over some furniture from Francis Street.

One day, just as school was closing, the furniture arrived in a wagon, and Aunt Anabel proved to be just behind it with one of the maids.

Kit offered eager assistance in the arrangement of Julian's quarters, and was allowed to stay and make himself useful, while the other pupils trooped out. Aunt Anabel's maid Jerusha was hanging curtains, Joshua was setting up the bedstead, Aunt Anabel was sorting the linen, and Julian pottered with his bookshelf. Kit was making frequent trips up and down the stairs to fetch the smaller objects, when there was a loud crash below, and they all rushed to the stairs to find the china ewer in smithereens on the floor, while Kit stood above it rubbing his left wrist with his right hand and looking frightened.

“It slipped,” he said. “I'm sorry, sir. I was going to bring it up.”

“Well, so long as you didn't hurt yourself,” said Aunt Anabel. “It sounded like the chimney falling in. Now, now, don't cry about it. It's not worth tears from anybody.”

Aunt Anabel returned up the stairs, shooing the servants before her. But Julian stood still, looking at Kit with close attention.

“That was clumsy of you,” he remarked. “Bring that stack of books from the bench next. They won't break.”

Kit picked them up, while Julian stood watching. The top book met his chin. Halfway across the room his left arm failed and the books spilled in all directions to the floor.

“I'm—sorry, sir!” gasped Kit, dropping to his knees to collect the scattered volumes.

“COME here,” said Julian in his schoolmaster's voice, and Kit came reluctantly to stand before him. “Show me your arm—the left one.”

When there was no move to obey, Julian laid hold of it himself and pushed up the white shirt sleeve. The swelling from Tibby's break showed clearly. “So you're wearing Kit's clothes, after all. How long has this been going on?”

“It's only the third time, sir.”

“Does your mother know?”

“Oh, no, sir! We only do it on the days when she's out working.”

“I think you had better go home and change. And I want you to promise not to wear Kit's clothes again.”

“Oh, please, sir!” Her chin quivered. “It's the only way I can come to school! Why can't we take turns? Kit's willing, and no one need know!”

“It won't do, Tibby, that's all. If it happens again, I shall punish you. Both of you. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.”

He watched the small disconsolate figure out the door, and then gathered up the books from the floor and carried them upstairs, looking very thoughtful.

Before he went to bed he had set himself a task. He was going to get Tibby into Mrs. Hallam's school.

He went to call on Mrs. Hallam the next day. She listened sympathetically. She was willing to accept Tibby as a pupil for the usual ten-pound fee, but she was in duty bound to point out that there might be objections from parents who would resent the presence there of a child whose parentage and

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"How are we going to explain 'rationing' and 'personal sacrifice' to her?"

background were—of a different class.

"Suppose Tibby were sponsored by the best families," Julian suggested. "Suppose I could get Mr. Wythe and Mr. Jefferson to say that, in their opinion, she deserves a decent start in life, such as your school would give her."

"That would, of course, make a difference," she admitted doubtfully. "It would give me an answer if there were any complaints."

A plan was evolving in Julian's mind. Kit had suggested that Tibby might pass some kind of examination. Well, suppose he tutored Tibby and then brought her before a board of Williamsburg citizens and let them test her in any way they liked as to her fitness for association with their daughters. He put the scheme to Mrs. Hallam.

Touched by his sincerity, she gave him an outline of what was expected of a girl Tibby's age—needlework, music, dancing, French conversation. She looked at him inquiringly, a smile lurking in her dark eyes.

"Needlework—no," admitted Julian, smiling back. "Perhaps her mother can help us there. Music—I play a guitar, if I can borrow one. Does that surprise you? Yes, and I know how to step a minuet and a reel, and French is my second tongue. You see, I spent a good deal of time on the Continent as a boy."

"Well!" said Mrs. Hallam, who knew a good thing when she saw it. "Would you have time to take a class here?"

"I think it would be possible," said Julian, recognizing a subtle form of blackmail but resolving to see for himself the sort of thing Tibby would be in for, the better to prepare her. They discussed details to their mutual satisfaction, and Julian stood committed to the fee, which was by no means covered by the French class.

JULIAN moved into his new quarters, but he did not stay there long. He had an attack of the fever, and when St. John discovered that the only heat in the room above the school was the dubious warmth of the chimney leading up from the classroom fire, he removed Julian almost bodily to Francis Street and installed him there in sybaritic style in time for Christmas.

New Year's, 1775, was heavy with foreboding everywhere in America. Tories were slipping away to England by every boat. Regina Greensleeves' father became alarmed that a declaration of war might catch his womenfolk in London, and sent for them to return home on Captain Barry's next voyage. They were to arrive early in April, and Dorothea would be with them.

Julian was teaching school again by the first of the year. Tibby was progressing with gratifying speed in the private lessons he was giving her, and could sing Gentle Shepherd, Tell Me Where to her own accompaniment on the guitar, so that, as St. John said, there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

In March the Second Virginia Convention was held in the church at Richmond. Patrick Henry rose in his pew near the east door and made another of those flaming speeches of his which within a remarkably short time could be quoted by any patriot in America at the drop of a hat. "Gentlemen may cry Peace, peace—but there is no peace!" he shouted, and the cords of his neck stood out white and rigid as his voice rose. "The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the resounding clash of arms. Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

It was being said at the Raleigh the next night that, when he finished, his hearers were positively sick with excitement. Washington had been chosen to head the committee to prepare for enlisting and equipping the troops provided for by the Richmond Convention, and Virginia stood pledged to war.

On the afternoon of April 20 the Mary Jones was sighted off Yorktown. The Sprague coach whirled up to the door of the schoolhouse and St. John called to Julian to get his hat and come along.

The spars of the Mary Jones were tall beside the Yorktown pier when they arrived with the horses in a lather. St. John sprang out of the coach and ran through the noisy bustle of the dock, where little groups of passengers mounted guard over growing piles of luggage among the black stevedores and brawny sailors. Julian followed more slowly.

Then he saw her—or at least saw something blue enveloped in St. John's brotherly embrace, from which she emerged pink and breathless and straightening her hat, to make him a curtsy on their introduction. She was dark and slender, with lips the color of a damask rose, and soft nearsighted brown eyes, and a dimple in her smile. She was all that they had said she would be, and not a bit terrifying, and he smiled down at her without shyness.

"St. John said his sister was beautiful," he said, "but I thought that was just his usual brag. It seems for once he wasn't exaggerating."

"Regina is the beautiful one," she said. "Introduce him, Sinjie—I know you're dying to go and talk to her yourself."

JULIAN was led up to the Greensleeves family, who received St. John warmly. Fair as a lily, with pale golden curls under a bonnet lined with pink, and eyes the deep blue of the Virginia sky, tall for a woman, with a proud high bosom and the carriage of a queen, Regina was quite accustomed to the look of dazed delight with which any man beheld her for the first time.

"You're the new schoolmaster St. John has been writing to me about," she said. "I've been led to expect something exceptional, you know."

"That's unfortunate." Julian was embarrassed. "You should know by now that he's not to be relied on."

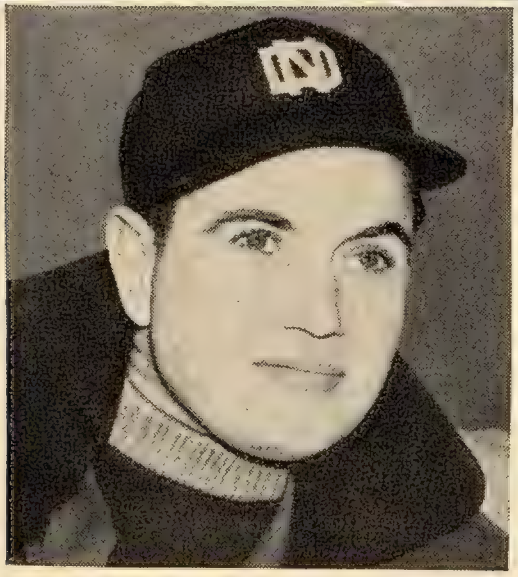
"I prefer to form my own opinions," she said, and held out her hand to be kissed. "See that you give me an early opportunity, Mr. Day."

He made some formal reply which he felt as he spoke it to be half-witted. He stood beside her for a few more minutes, unable to take his eyes away. To meet a creature like this in the wilderness! he was thinking. A creature made of pearl and rose leaves and spun gold, the sum and substance of a man's most wild and secret dreams of beauty. It was this he had come to Virginia to find—it was this woman, cool and laughing in the Southern sunlight, he had traveled all his life to see.

Julian had fallen in love.

Will Julian's love for Regina affect his interest in Tibby, his friendship with St. John? The lives and loves of these Virginians, so woven into the web of war and great events, make a brave and thrilling novel. Don't miss the second chapter next week.

Rallied by Ed McKeever after Leahy's collapse, Notre Dame beats Stanford 27-0.



Assistant Coach Edward McKeever.

COMEBACK

Sports battles may seem tame compared to the real thing. But fighting spirit is what wins—and Ed McKeever had it

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

FOR those who like to read about sports, there's a fine and fascinating story in what happened with the Notre Dame football coaching in the season just closed. I'm willing to gamble that there's comfort and inspiration in it, too, for those Americans who are worrying about our national war effort; for I'm not sure there isn't an analogy between Notre Dame football and this nation of ours as it stood challenged by war. Both had been lean and hard and had known great triumphs. Both had grown rich and soft and were living on past performances.

Notre Dame called in a new coaching staff two years ago. Knute Rockne had been dead ten years. The famed Fighting Irish, once the picture team of the nation and "the common man's alma mater" from coast to coast, hadn't known a successful season since the great Rock had passed on.

Contemporaneously, this nation was arming for war. Something new, called Compulsory Military Training, had been decreed for our national youth. There was much confusion and complaining and general wondering about it.

Notre Dame could have had her choice of possibly a hundred "name coaches," most of them products of her own system who'd gone on to fame of their own. Instead she called back one of the lesser known, Frank Leahy. Although Leahy had worshiped Rockne, he'd never quite made the team under him. Leahy was a tackle, and a frail one by Notre Dame measurements. A leg injury put him out for the year when, as a senior, he had the traditional right to expect starting honors on the Notre Dame field. Filled nonetheless with the lore of the master, he had served as assistant at Georgetown and Fordham and had just completed two undefeated seasons as head coach of Boston College.

He had also just taken his Boston College Eagles to the New Orleans Sugar Bowl and had defeated Tennessee for "the national championship." But this was scarcely enough for the modern Notre Dame. He wasn't a Bierman, a Wade, a Neyland, a Thomas, nor a Harlow.

The squad gathered to meet the new coach in something of a spirit of condescension. The squad sauntered up, led by the captain, Paul Lillis, a big handsome tackle obviously many pounds overweight.

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES

The new coach was a thin, serious sort of man, almost ecclesiastical in his demeanor. Of little more than average height and thin of face, he didn't look like an old varsity tackle. Captain Lillis buried the new coach's right hand in his own and said he was glad to meet him.

"I'm glad to meet you, too," said the new coach with a friendly smile, and then, disengaging his hand, he stiffened the fingers and drove them experimentally into the overstuffed torso of the young giant in front of him.

"You're pretty soft for a Notre Dame football captain, aren't you, Mr. Lillis?" he asked, and he wasn't smiling now.

The boy blushed and said something about its being the off season.

"I know," said Leahy, "but the university has spent several hundred thousand dollars providing places where a man can keep himself in shape at all times. There's a big gymnasium over there. There's a fine swimming pool. There's a track to run on and plenty of country to walk in.

It's quite an honor to be the captain of the Notre Dame football team, Mr. Lillis, but that honor carries with it the responsibility of fitness and leadership."

He similarly gave it to each of them in turn. Then he issued his call for spring practice.

Almost 200 football players came galloping out—or, at least, almost 200 young gentlemen in football suits. Most of them meant to try for the team—if it wasn't too tough. Some merely wanted credit for having turned out long enough to have their names listed as members of "the squad." That would make quite an impression at the home high-school dances at Christmas.

Leahy watched the motley mass a few days. Then he called it together. He told some fifty of the aspirants to stand to one side. The rest he told to turn in their suits, or, if they wanted to keep trying, to report for special instruction at another hour. He told them they were liable to be killed if they got in the varsity's way—the way football was going to be played on that field henceforth.

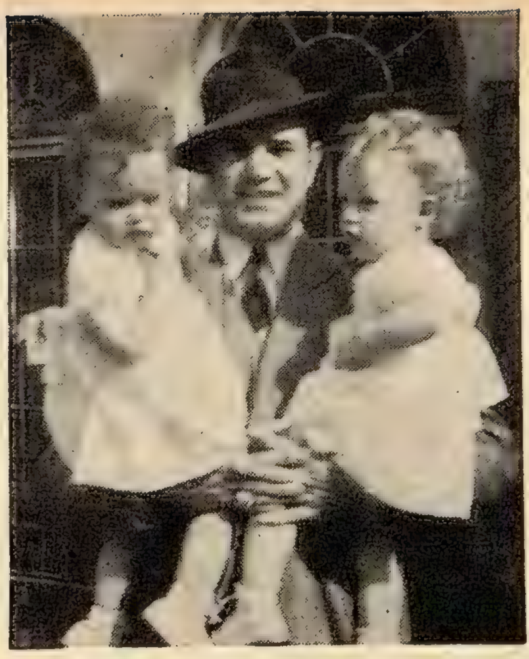
TO the fifty he delivered a speech that was very much like Winston Churchill's "blood, sweat, and tears" address to the British. "If you want to quit," Leahy said, "quit now. If you stay, I can promise you only the hardest work you've ever done in your life. There'll be no mercy and no easing up. You haven't much experience and you have no great amount of strength. We'll have to build both, and build fast, for there's a terrific job to do. I don't know who let things get in this shape, but it's too late to think about that now.

"We have a tough schedule immediately ahead of us. It goes: Arizona, Indiana, Georgia Tech, Carnegie Tech, Illinois, Army, Navy, and Southern California. You'll have to carry it alone. I understand your freshman strength is very weak. But that's only the start of it. Next year, as you may or may not know, is the centennial year of the university.

"That schedule is the hardest Notre Dame has ever faced. It reads: Wisconsin, Georgia Tech, Stanford, Illinois, Navy, Army, Michigan, Northwestern, and California. [Iowa Pre-Flight and Great Lakes were added later.] That's our immediate job, and we're going to do it. It's going to mean suffering, sacrifice, and time for little else except classroom requirements.

"I'll expect everything you have, and I have nothing to offer you in return. Nothing, that is, but one thing. That's the chance to serve a cause that, I hope, is as close to your hearts as it is to mine—the honor and the reputation of your university and mine—Notre Dame.

"That'll be all today. If you want to quit, there'll be no hard feelings. But if you're going to quit, quit now, not after the rest of us start to depend upon you. Those who want to stay, meet me here tomorrow. That'll be all for now. The squad is dismissed."


A kodak shot of unassuming Ed with his twin daughters, Anne and Helen.

They were all back on the morrow, and on all the other hard tomorrows. The coach made good his word. No squad was ever driven harder in the history of the game. They didn't all take it with grace, either. They moaned and they cried. Some almost rebelled. Several said they were going to quit.

But they didn't quit. Instead, from the depths of their physical misery a new spark gradually was born. It was only a dull glow at first—a sort of grim, wordless pride in their ability to take it. They had the feeling at least they were better than the softies who weren't there. And by the end of spring the old Notre Dame fight and fire was back where it had been. That Captain Lillis, hard as nails, headed a real football team.

It couldn't wait for the summer to pass and the games to begin. When they did begin, the first Notre Dame winner since Rockne's last team of eleven years before began to dominate the sports pages as Rock's had. Arizona was downed, 38-7. Indiana was tipped over, 19-6. Then Georgia Tech was wrecked, 20-0. Carnegie went over, 16-0. The new Irish roared into the next Saturday to obliterate Illinois, 49-14. The following Saturday in New York saw the only miss of the year, when, in a heavy rainstorm and on a field so muddy that play was impossible, the traditional game with Army was a scoreless tie. Navy, 27-12, Northwestern, 7-6, and Southern California, 20-18, were the rest of the victims.

Pearl Harbor was less than a month away. In great camps and naval stations all over the land the youth of America was massing and drilling. Could we build an army—a navy? Would it fight? Could it win?

It seems to me Notre Dame had already given the answer. Leahy's team, or more properly Captain Lillis', had seemed to demonstrate that there was nothing the matter with American youth. It had been neglected, softened, spoiled, perhaps. But given the right kind of leadership, it could and would respond. It only needed somebody to tell it where and to show it how.

You might think the story ended there—but that Notre Dame season was only a prelude. The season just past—the Centennial schedule—was the one they were shooting for. That one and the ones to come.

Technically, the first season was experimental, and after it was concluded some definite changes were made. The attack was changed so more accent would be placed upon the T formation, with the now nationally famous forward passer Bertelli handling the ball on every play. To speed the running attack, considered by the coaches a weakness, the string of victories to the contrary notwithstanding, Harry Wright, the quarterback, and Bob Dove, who'd won many All-America nominations at end, were moved to the guard positions.

There were other changes and much work with what had all the earmarks of a powerful team. Notre Dame wasn't weakened by players enlisting, for practically all of them were enlisted *en masse* in the type of naval officer training listed as V-7.

Then this new season began with high hopes—and everything went to smash! The first game was a tie with Wisconsin. The second was a loss to Georgia Tech. At this point Leahy, never a strong man, collapsed. He had driven his players, but he'd driven himself with them. Three seasons of it, two at Boston College and one at Notre Dame, which found him up with his charts and his movies often as early as 5 A. M. and carrying through until well after midnight, took their toll in a collapse, and he was forced to go to the Mayo Clinic, leaving his team in trouble and leaderless.

The situation couldn't have been much blacker. The seasonal record so far was a tie and a loss, and here came Stanford, the powerful and undefeated Iowa Seahawks who, under Lieutenant Colonel Bernie Bierman, had already defeated Michigan and Minnesota, considered the two strongest teams in the Western Conference; and right after the Seahawks came the finest Illinois team of many a year, likewise undefeated and rolling high.

IT becomes necessary to flash back now to 1930 and Rockne's last year, when a freshman halfback landed at South Bend from the border regions of Texas. His name was Ed McKeever and he didn't have a penny. He wasn't quite good enough, either. He tried hard in spring practice, the last that Rockne ever ran. His one ambition was to play football for Rockne.

It was cold out there one afternoon in spring practice, and Pete Cawthon, coach of Texas Tech and a personal friend of Rock's, up for a visit from the balmy warmth of Texas, was obviously shivering in his business suit. Marchmont Schwartz, Irish backfield star of the hour, tossed him his hooded windbreaker as he started out to practice, and said, "Put that on, Pete. You look as if you needed it."

Returning it later, Cawthon said, "You saved my life today. If I can ever do you a favor, let me know."

Back at Texas Tech a few weeks later, Cawthon received a letter from Schwartz. In the meanwhile Rockne had been killed. Marchy wrote of how the tragedy had affected the squad, and told how many of the lads who knew they'd never make the Notre Dame team, but who didn't care just so long as they could be on the same field with Rockne, were restless or were leaving for other addresses.

And he told about the kid named Ed McKeever who came from Texas, and who looked as if he might do all right at some smaller place. He explained that McKeever weighed only 160 pounds but was fast and intelligent, and he asked, recalling that kidding about the favor, if Cawthon could find a place for McKeever at Texas Tech. Cawthon wrote back and told him to have McKeever come along the following fall, that he'd try to find a place for him somehow.

Less than a week later a young fellow walked into Cawthon's office in Texas. He was dirty; he was haggard; he needed a shave.

"I'm Ed McKeever," he said, and he was shocked to hear that he wasn't expected until September. He told how he didn't have any money and of how Schwartz and the other Notre Dame players had given him fifteen dollars, which was all they could raise. That fifteen dollars had got him as far as St. Louis. He'd ridden freights the rest of the way to Lubbock, Texas, most of the way through a freezing norther.

A STITCH IN TIME

Sleeping late is lots of fun,
But getting up early is best.
Then the day is longer and
You've got more time to rest.

—EVELYNE LOVE COOPER.

"I DIDN'T know what to do with him," said Cawthon, telling the tale later, "but he was so earnest and sincere I had to do something. We had a little janitor's office. I told him he could stay there and pick up what jobs he could until college opened. He went into that little cubbyhole gratefully, and the next day, just out of curiosity, I looked in. He had cleaned that place up until it shone like a Dutch kitchen. And he'd cleaned himself up, too. He had washed his one shirt—I think he went through college on that one shirt—and what impressed me most was that while he was months away from college he was already studying."

Well, that was the start of McKeever at Texas Tech.

He was Cawthon's brightest star of the 1932-33 and 1934 teams, playing right halfback and calling the signals. His team won thirty out of thirty-five games. Then he became Cawthon's backfield coach at Texas Tech, and held that post until 1938.

In 1938 Cawthon held a summer coaching school in Lubbock, primarily for high-school coaches in that part of west Texas. McKeever gave a course in backfield strategy. Frank Leahy, the assistant at Fordham and line coach in charge of Fordham's famed Seven Blocks of Granite, was imported to lecture about line play.

Leahy had been a senior at Notre Dame when McKeever was a freshman there, but if they'd ever crossed paths they didn't know it. In Lubbock, however, they struck up quite a friendship, and Leahy was so impressed with McKeever's grasp of backfield science that he exacted a promise from him to serve as his assistant if he, Leahy, should ever get a head coaching job.

Whether Leahy knew what fate held in store for him then isn't part of the record, but he was shortly offered and accepted the Boston College job, and he immediately signed McKeever as his assistant. They were together in Boston in 1939 and again in 1940, when their season was climaxed with the Sugar Bowl victory over Tennessee.

When Notre Dame hired Leahy, Boston College promptly offered their head coaching job to McKeever; but McKeever declined to leave his friend, saying, "I feel my place is with Frank."

And now we're back across the season of 1941, the spring practice, the changes, and the first two games of 1942, to the collapse of Leahy and the potential collapse of the new Notre Dame picture.

Into the breach stepped McKeever. He's different from Leahy and in many ways a perfect foil for him. Where Leahy is inclined to be moody, McKeever is smiling. He has gray-green eyes and curly hair. At 5 feet 10½ inches and 178 pounds, he's a well built, well dressed young fellow in these times, and he gives the impression of not being afraid of anything—least of all of another football team.

He rallied the Notre Dame squad after Leahy was forced to leave on the Thursday before the Stanford game, and told it the luck had been bad but there were better days coming. He said that anybody could win when the going was easy, but that the real mark of a champion was to be able to get up off the floor.

The team responded by handing Stanford a first-class thrashing. There was extra human-interest flavor to this game because the new Stanford head coach, trying hard to make good in his own right, was the Marchmont Schwartz who had sent the friendless and penniless McKeever to Texas Tech. Thus McKeever had really licked his old friend, and there was no mistake about the licking. It was 27-0.

Next came the mighty Seahawks,

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undefeated. Notre Dame, with McKeever in the head coach's chair, belted and flayed them 28-0, really making a fifth touchdown which was called back by a penalty. The team carried McKeever off the field on its shoulders after that one. It was the same field where he said he'd once played the greatest game of football he ever had played in his life (in spring practice, it was) and he'd wound up on the Notre Dame fifth team!

The next Saturday, with Leahy still in the Rochester hospital, McKeever took the by now red-hot Irish over to Champaign, Illinois, and gave an undefeated powerhouse a beating. At the half Illinois left the field leading 14-7. Notre Dame held them to the 14 in the last half and ran their own score to 21!

There was a lot of strategy in these victories, a lot of personal inspiration, some shrewd and timely substitutions, and some very masterful coaching; but more beautiful than any of it, possibly, was the loyalty of the flamingly successful assistant to his stricken chief.

"I want it definitely understood," McKeever said to every interviewer, "that this is Frank Leahy's team. He built it; he set it up. I'm merely carrying out his orders and advice given in my daily telephone talks with him. He's flat on his back, and we've all rallied around to carry on for him. We looked bad in a couple because we had new men in key positions and they made mistakes. But they learned by playing and the system was due to pay off. It would have paid off bigger if Frank had been here.

"It chances that I sat in his chair and made the substitutions. But the other coaches deserve just as much credit, Frank deserves more than any of us, and you fellows are forgetting the players, aren't you? They're the ones who really did the job. Shucks, a coach couldn't make a mistake substituting with a squad like that!"

Well, maybe; but anyhow it was a notable job of rallying rattled troops after unexpected defeat and leading them on to spectacular victory.

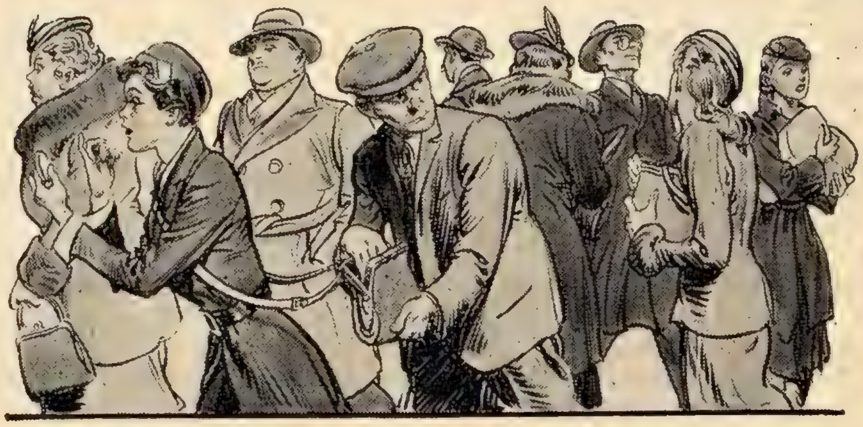
I claim the analogy goes on. Maybe our start in the bigger game has been bad. Maybe it hasn't really been made. Maybe our squad will falter after initial successes. Maybe the strain will break some leader at some crisis, leaving the situation looking pretty hopeless. But if it does, new leadership will take over and carry on to thrilling victory—just as it did with this high-pressured football unit.

That's part of the way of life in our land. In South Bend or the Solomons there'll always be a McKeever, and in young American hearts there'll always be the responding spark to pile up the triumphant score.

In the meanwhile, fans, hail a new coaching genius. For the first time in history, an assistant comes close to top honors as "the coach of the year." Mr. Edward Clark Timothy McKeever is the mentorial discovery of the 1942 season.

THE END

THE GYP OF THE WEEK



Christmas Pickpockets

BY FRANK W. BROCK

ARE you giving Christmas presents to the gyps this year? They may not be named on your shopping list, madam, but unless you're mighty careful they're going to participate, one way or another, in the distribution of your Christmas funds.

As soon as she has disposed of the breakfast dishes and made the beds, Mrs. Average Shopper starts out, beaming with happiness and good will, but with nary a thought of those she may encounter who are not animated by the same spirit. Her shopping money—all of it—is tucked away in her handbag, protected only by a dinky clasp or a zipper which deft fingers can manipulate in three seconds flat.

A crowded store is a pickpocket's paradise and the jaunty war-fashioned "military pouches" of today which dangle from the shoulder are made to order for them. Veteran pickpocket detectives advise that handbags be *carried* under your left arm, with your hand over the opening of the bag. They also suggest:

Shop in the morning, if possible. Better service, less delay, fewer crowds.

Do not be too courteous with people who shove you around. Jostling is one of the pickpocket's first tricks.

Walk to the upper floors in department stores, or take the escalators. Close contact in crowded elevators helps bag openers.

Carry only enough money for the day's shopping. Leave the rest at home—or, better, in the bank.

And for men:

Don't carry money in your hip pocket, even though it is buttoned. The best place is your inside vest pocket—and button up your vest.

Always keep sufficient change in your pocket for carfare. If you have to change a bill, take your time and put your money safely away; but remember, even vest pockets are not beyond the reach of slick thieves.

Be suspicious of persons who hold open newspapers close to your face in crowded trains. This may be a shield for the operations of a confederate who is locating your pocketbook.

For everybody:

The one who would pick your pocket or open your handbag is not always a man. Some women, and even children, are expert "dips" and have been trained in the art since the days of Dickens. If you are fortunate enough to catch them in the act, do not hesitate to prosecute. It may lead to the despicable Fagin who is teaching them.

TO THE LADIES

Beatrice Weil, owner of nationally famous stables, is shown driving Colleen Beauty.

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

BEATRICE WEIL explores our rural hinterlands collecting colts of promise. Sometimes she finds them in the most unexpected localities. "But I don't trust horse bargains," she says. "The only time I ever bought a bargain horse I got trimmed." . . . She exhibits her prize winners at state fairs and horse shows from coast to coast. Her stables at Elberon, New Jersey, are credited with more champions than any other stable in the country. Pride of her string, a seven-year-old chestnut mare named America Beautiful, has been declared America's finest horse of any and all classes. Among five-gaited saddle horses, her Pride of Victory is the national champ. But her own pet is a fourteen-year-old *clown* horse, Lee Bell Sir Walter, known as Billy, educated to sneeze by request, to count, and to nod yes or no. . . . Wife of the real-estate operator L. Victor Weil, Mrs. Weil is an interesting lady not only as one of our greatest horse lovers but for her hard work as well. Decorator of sumptuous modern buildings, she is now decorating the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, where she also puts in four days each week as a nurses' aide in the wards. . . . This remarkably busy woman has a bright genius for friendship. At a recent horse show she invited two lonesome soldiers to share her private box. Next night they came back with thirty more in uniform, all cheering for her horses as though it were a football game! Unheard-of behavior at a horse show, and most embarrassing for Beatrice, but the high-hat audience understood and approved.

WASHINGTON'S nickname for him pleases our new ambassador from China, His Excellency Wei Tao-ming. *Mr. Vitamin,* he is called by capital wags. Both Mr. Wei and his wife were magistrates in China, she being the only woman judge that China ever has had. The ambassador was China's Minister of Justice at one time. Wouldn't you like to hear a household argument between Mr. and Mrs. Wei? All in legal terms!

CHRISTMAS gift suggestions, personal and otherwise: Carton of 50 cards of matches with Army or Navy insignia, $1. . . . Fifteen-inch match cards, too long for match snatchers, around 30 cents a card. . . . Colorful Mexican baskets and boxes in which to pack homemade jellies—welcome gifts this year—from about $1. . . . Folding snapshot frame in colored plastic, two inches square, holds five pictures, $1. . . . Hearts-and-flowers jewelry, floral designs painted on wooden hearts dangling from bracelet or necklace, $1.25. . . . Glass flower vases to use as book ends, vases book-shaped with etched motto, "Flowers for Thought," $2.50 a pair. . . . War map of the world rolled in gift package, 50 cents. . . . Girls' elbow-length gloves of wool jersey in gay vivid colors, $2.50. . . . Or a black velvet pucker purse with jet fringe, cute and old-worldly, $4. . . . Imported English brass-and-leather bellows to keep the hearth fire burning, $5. . . . Next week, Christmas perfume suggestions.

I ASKED Western Union how late we can telegraph Christmas money to boys serving overseas. Money presents by wire take five days to reach Ireland or Australia, ten days for India. The charge is $2.50 for any sum up to $50.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

A YOUNG woman of top-notch success in commercial photography felt so worn out every year by holiday jobs that Christmas escape was imperative. Invented an imaginary Boston aunt with whom she said she always spent Yuletide. Day before Christmas her friends assembled to see her off for Boston. A taxi was called, her bags put in, farewell kisses exchanged, and away she went—to a quiet hotel just around the corner, there to rest, and rest some more. She had fooled every one—or so she thought until last year, when she found a huge bouquet awaiting her at her quiet hotel, with a note that said, "Merry Christmas from your Boston Auntie." And she never has learned who sent it!

COCKTAIL JELLY, a new appetizer, starts your party dinner with zest but not with real drinking. . . . Use any standard lemon-gellatin recipe, halving the amount of water. For every two portions add 1 cocktail mixed without ice. Manhattan, Bronx, or Daiquiri cocktails are best. Chill in refrigerator in individual molds. Turn out just before serving. Decorate with orange slice, pineapple stick, cherry.

BARNARD COLLEGE girls, studying to be physically fit for war emergencies, have discovered a number of strength savers that can help take fatigue out of housework. . . . Don't bend forward when you trot upstairs. Bending tires back muscles. Walk erect going up, and work your legs. . . . Lifting heavy things, relax arms and shoulders, throwing the weight on your legs. . . . Rising from a chair, put your weight on one foot instead of dragging yourself up by the arms. Small matters, they make a big difference at the end of a long day.

A LETTER to the PRESIDENT

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

FLOHERTY JR

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D. C.
Personal

DEAR Mr. President:

I wonder if you would be interested to know that the rubber situation is solved. A product has been discovered that is superior to rubber in every way. It can be made in the household from common chemicals. It is cheap.

It is tougher, more elastic and resilient than rubber, and is impervious to oil, age, acids, or bases.

It has one minor drawback. It is too good. Just a tiny bit too good. But it is now mid-afternoon as I write, and this small flaw will be corrected by sundown.

There is just about time enough to explain everything so you will understand.

I am William Crawford, editor of the Prairie Center Weekly Reflex, circulation 1,023, which I put out singlehanded. I was reading proof last week when Ed Barnes came into my office carrying a garbage can on his shoulder.

Ed Barnes is the town garbage collector, and a nice fellow.

"Look at this here, Will," he said, and dumped the can upside down onto my desk. A great mass of gooey black stuff oozed over the galley proof; and I never did find my editorial on the rubber situation. But we won't need that editorial now, Mr. President!

"Hey!" I said.

"Rubber," Ed Barnes said. "Look for yourself. Sabotage! Must be sixty, eighty pound of rubber throwed away in this trash can! Destroying vital war materials is what I call it!"

"H'mm," I said. "Who owns this can? Where did you get it?"

Ed rubbed his chin. "Well, by rights I should of gone to Norm Morley about this," he said.

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES

Norm is our chief of police, Mr. President.

"All right, I'll extend your subscription two years," I promised. He still rubbed his chin. "And I'll mention that you uncovered the sabotage," I added. He still rubbed his chin. "And I'll put your picture in the paper," I said.

"Good enough," he said. "This is Professor Rhoades' garbage can."

Ed and I approached the professor's laboratory from the back way, through the weeds. He does his work in an old brick barn. The professor is not a professor any more, for he quit teaching after making some discovery about vitamins which he gets paid for on a royalty basis. He putters all day in the old brick barn, and as we crept to the window we saw him inside in a cloud of smoke puttering with an old Model T coupé. The rear axle was blocked up and the wheels were spinning.

The exhaust was piped through a cooling coil, and the professor was catching the drip from the coil in a beaker.

"We'll act dumb," I whispered to Ed.

Another look at the professor made me sure he wasn't dangerous, even though sabotaging vital war materials.

The professor is a little wispy man, just as mild as milk, up to a certain point.

We went in. The professor nodded at us absent-mindedly and continued catching the black drip from the coil in the beaker.

"What are you doing?" I asked, leading up to the subject.

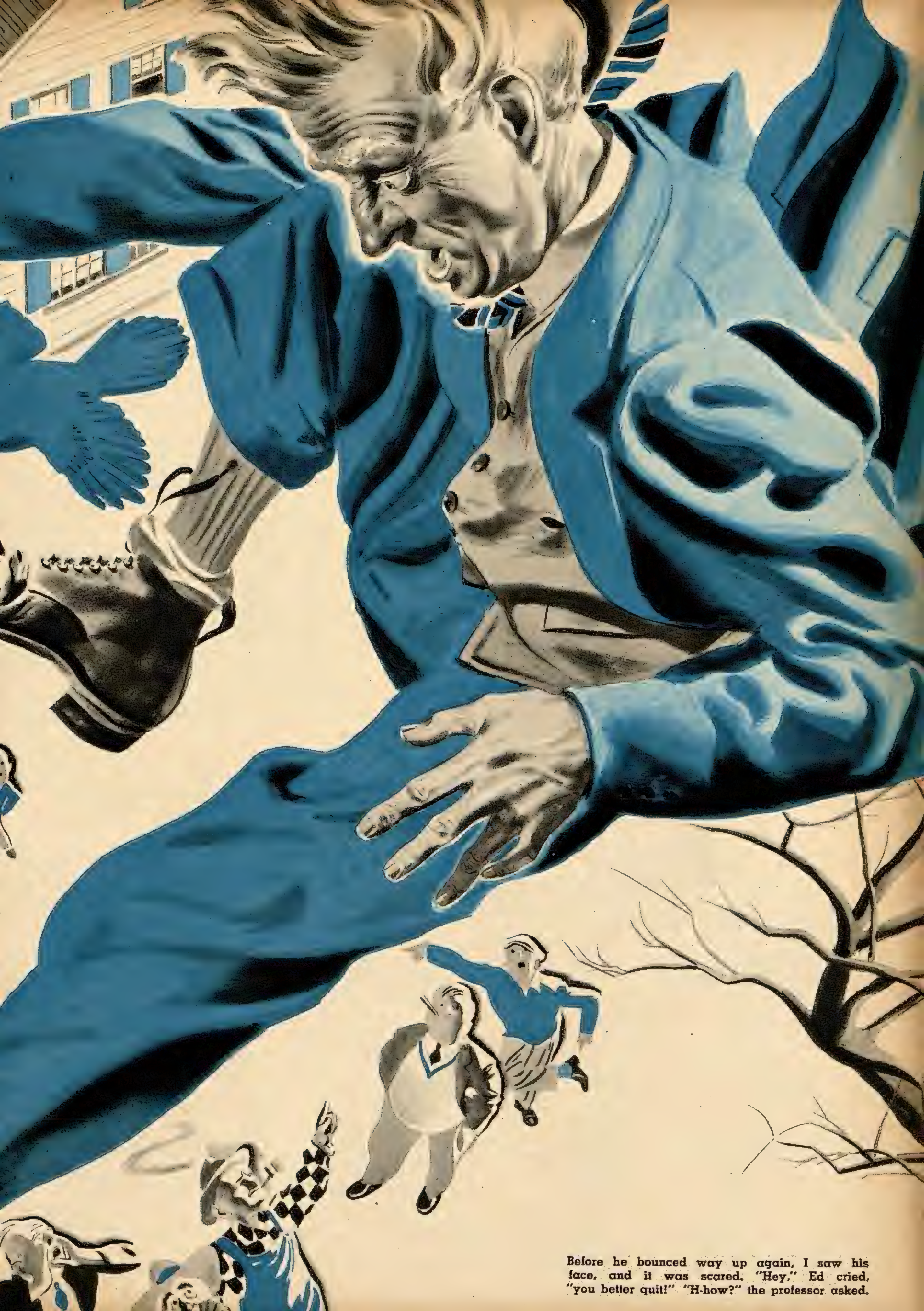
"Making rubber," he said.

"Oh," I said. "Simple as that."

He was peering intently at the stuff dripping into the beaker.

"Very simple," he said absently. "Just mix a compound with the gasoline and condense the exhaust gases."

"Indeed," I said, kicking Ed on the shin to calm him down. "And good as natural rubber, I expect."



Before he bounced way up again, I saw his face, and it was scared. "Hey," Ed cried, "you better quit!" "H-how?" the professor asked.

"Natural rubber?" The professor glanced up briefly in amazement. "Oh, my goodness, Will, we're not that primitive! It's so easy to make it this way. Any car owner has his own factory in his automobile engine. And the heat of combustion vulcanizes it. It sets in half an hour, and then has the properties of rubber."

"You—er—disposed of some in your garbage can."

"An experimental batch. Too soft. I corrected the error."

Ed could hold himself no longer. "Have you heard of the rubber shortage, professor?" he yelled.

The wispy little man looked up. "Why, yes—yes, indeed; some one mentioned it. Who could it have been? But naturally something is being done about it. The war is still going on, I expect."

"That's a pretty close guess," I admitted.

"I thought so, from the comic strips," he said. "I read nothing else. They're full of Japs and Germans."

"Professor," bawled Ed, "don't you know that your invention there is worth millions?"

"Millions? I don't want more money."

"But, look. It'll save the nation! We're at war! We've got to have rubber! And you've found out the way!"

"Oh, now, Ed," the professor said, "don't be silly. It's so simple to make the stuff this way. Don't tell me they're still fiddling around with butadiene and styrne, and all that poppycock."

"That's right, professor," I said. "But you've saved the day! I'll wire the President!"

"Not so fast, Will," he said. "It's not perfected."

"Oh."

"It's as good as rubber, so far as that goes, and much cheaper and simpler to obtain and process. But it's a failure so far as I'm concerned. I was after something so much better."

"Better?"

"A new principle," he said—"a new principle of resiliency. And I'm close!" His eyes glowed with the fervor of the true scientist.

"Fine," I said. "You give this to the government, and then keep on with your own improvements."

He apparently didn't hear me. He was studying the black drip that slowly filled the beaker. I repeated, at a yell.

"Don't be silly, Will," he said. "I won't release this when I'm on the verge of something so much better."

We tried to argue, but he ignored us. As we went out, Ed yelled, "There's such a thing as getting something *too* good!" It was just something you'd say out of vexation. But, Mr. President, it sure did hit the nail on the head, as I will explain.

ED and I didn't know what to do. We were afraid to breathe a word to anybody. A foreign nation would have given untold millions for the professor's secret. And we knew how stubborn the little man could be, beyond a certain point. We decided to sit tight and wait. Ed gathered the rubbish from the professor's garbage can three times a day, and we'd take the stuff out in the back room, lock the doors, test the stuff, and then burn it.

Inside a week we saw the professor was getting something so good it scared us.

Our test of the product was crude, I admit. We'd just bounce it on the floor, and then beat it awhile with a hammer to see how much abuse it would take, before burning it. And pretty soon the stuff began getting different from rubber. It would bounce higher. The hammer would recoil almost out of your hand when you hit it. And then came Saturday morning. This morning, Mr. President.

"Say, this is the best yet," Ed said, bringing in a round ball of the stuff. "Look," he said in the back room. He threw it on the cement floor, and it bounced up and hit the ceiling. It hit the floor again and then the ceiling.

The phone rang out front, and I went out to answer it. Ed came out with me. Remember, we'd locked the doors in the back room, Mr. President.

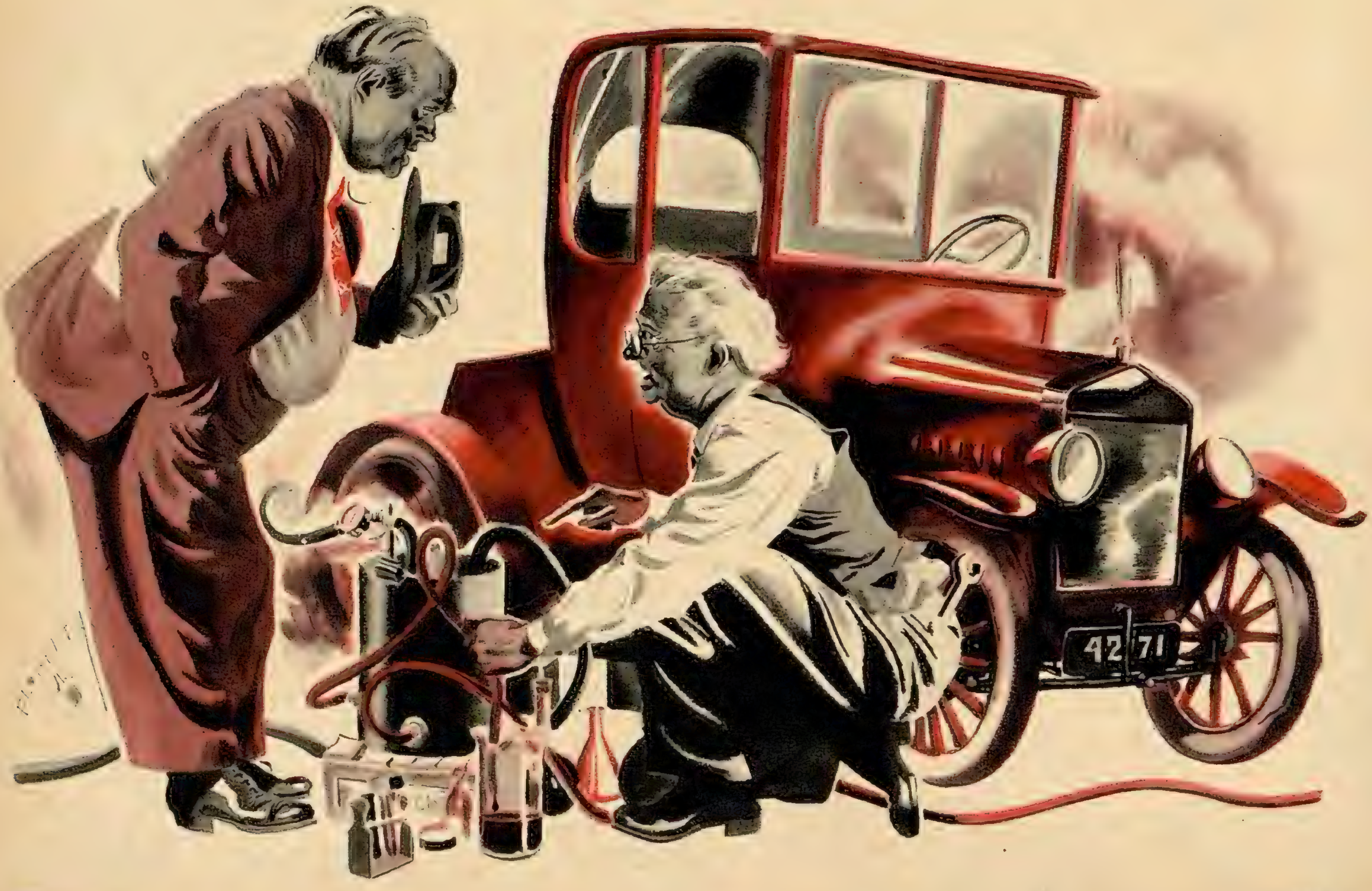
"Hello, Will," the professor's voice said. "Come on over. I think I've got something." He was so excited he was gasping.

"Let's go, Ed," I said.

"Wait a minute! Don't leave that ball in there!"

So we went into the back room. Nobody had been there to play any tricks. And that ball was still bouncing. It was bouncing almost to the ceiling. We stood there watching, and my hair sort of prickled on the back of my neck. We watched that ball

"What are you doing?" I asked, leading up to the subject. "Making rubber," he said.



bounce time after time on the cement floor, bouncing each time almost as high as the next. We stood there for maybe half a minute, and the bouncing ball had lost only an inch on the rebound.

"Catch it, Ed," I whispered. "Catch it, and for heaven's sake don't even *think* about this to anybody."

So we went over to the professor's brick barn. His old Model T rubber factory wasn't going this time. The professor was tacking a heel on his shoe at the workbench. He looked terrible. His eyes were bloodshot and he had a week's beard, and from the looks of him, he hadn't eaten since the last time he shaved.

"I've got it," he said. His voice was hoarse and he was breathing hard.

"I know, professor. Ed brought over a ball of it from the trash can."

"Oh, that," the professor said. "Yes, that was pretty good. But I was up all night, and I finally got it. A new principle of energy. Not mere elasticity."

Ed looked at him dubiously. "Maybe you're working too hard, professor," he said.

The professor chuckled. "I'm not crazy. Look. Watch close."

He put on the shoe he'd tacked the new heel onto. I noticed he had a new heel on the other one also. Molded out of the stuff he'd got in his last experiment—stuff that made the bouncing ball something to be shrugged off with "Oh, that."

"Watch close," he said, and he gave a little jiggle. I mean, he raised himself onto his toes and then came down on his heels. And then he stood there, bouncing up and down, bouncing up and down on those heels and giggling, pleased as a kid. And the bouncing didn't jolt him at all. The resiliency of those heels was so marvelous it cushioned his weight perfectly, sending him into the air light as a feather.

"DO you see it?" he asked, happy as a kid.

"Naturally," I said. "It'll make good tires."

"Tires? For heaven's sake! Look at the relief this will give to old people, and to fat people, and people on their feet all day! Tires! For heaven's sake, Will! Tires!"

"Well, you sure do keep on bouncing," I said, changing the subject.

"Theoretically, I'd bounce forever," he said. "Practically, there would be gradual abrasion and breakdown of structure."

"You mean you could bounce until the heels wore out?"

"That's right. It's a new principle of energy. Not mere elasticity."

"My heaven!" I cried. "You're bouncing higher!"

"He keeps jumping a little," Ed said. If Ed hadn't been there, it all might not have happened.

The professor laughed. "You still don't believe it, even when you see it. All right. How high can a man jump?"

"Pretty high, with them kind of heels," Ed said.

"Let it go, Ed," I said. "I believe it."

"He's working himself up," Ed said, "like on a swing."

"Yes?" the professor said, nettled. He'd made the biggest discovery since Newton found out that an apple fell down, not up, and people didn't believe him. Ed didn't believe him, and Ed is about the average American.

The professor stopped his bouncing by coming down on his toes. "All right, Ed. We'll go outside," he said.

"Now, wait a minute, professor!" I pleaded; but it was no use. His scientific integrity was questioned.

Out in front of the brick barn was an area of concrete, good for bouncing. The little professor jumped up in the air as high as he could go, and came down on his heels. He bounced up and down, about a yard high.

"Go get a rule," he said, "and measure."

THERE was a six-foot folding rule in his laboratory. I stood it alongside and we measured the height of his bounce. It was thirty-four and three eighths inches to start with, and it climbed a sixteenth of an inch with each bounce. Just a sixteenth, but it climbed instead of getting less.

"He's jumping a little each time," Ed said.

"Shut your mouth, Ed!" I yelled. I was getting afraid. This was not something to get cynical about. This was a miracle.

"I'm jumping, am I!" the professor cried. Nothing can infuriate a scientist so much as an attitude like Ed's. So the professor started jumping. He'd come down with his knees bent and spring upward. Pretty soon he was going up higher than the roof of the brick barn, which has got an upper story. Then he quit jumping each time, and just bounced up and down.

"You'd better quit," I said. "Somebody's apt to notice you popping up above the treetops that way."

"Well, now what do you think, Ed?" the professor asked.

And at this point, Mr. President, I will say that I shall append to this letter affidavits from the mayor of Prairie Center, the chief of police, and substantial citizens, verifying what I am about to relate. I am fully aware, too, of the penalties for sending false and misleading matter through the U. S. mails. And I will mention personally that I have voted for you three times.

"Too high to measure, now," Ed said. "Anyhow, I don't see how it makes no difference if you're going high or going low. If you jumped a little each time, it would amount to the same thing."

The professor emitted a scream of rage. "You rattlebrained idiot!" he screamed. "What kind of proof do you want?"

"Hell, don't he sound funny!" Ed cried, and began laughing.

The professor began calling him names such as no professor is supposed to know about. But his voice got more varied all the time, and Ed laughed louder.

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Ed finally said, "I'll tell you, professor!" He yelled now, because by this time the professor was really going up in the air a ways. "Why don't you just take off one of them heels and let it bounce by itself. I'll know *it* can't jump!"

The professor, dropping toward the earth, kneeled in space to untie his shoe. I yelled a warning just in time, and he got his heels under him. In the brief instant of impact, before he bounced way up over the tops of the trees again, I saw his face, and it was scared.

"Hey," Ed cried, "you better quit!"

"H-how?" the professor asked. "It's in a direct ratio to the force of the impact. I'm going about an inch higher each time now. It increases each time."

"Well, get down the way you got up," Ed said. "Instead of jumping, ease yourself a little each time you come down."

"That's an idea," admitted the professor. So he began taking some of the weight of his fall by bending his knees at impact. We watched for about five minutes, and there didn't seem to be much difference in how high he was going.

"No use," the professor said. "At this height the increase of the rebound equals what I can do and the bounce remains constant."

"Better constant than to go up out of sight, in time," Ed said practically.

"Yes, you idiot! But I can't keep it up! I'm tired. I'm sleepy. It's the reaction. I've been working night and day. Now I've found what I was after, and I want to sleep."

"That's going to be a problem," Ed admitted.

"What?" I said.

"Sleep. He's got to have sleep. We can feed him all right. We can rig up a line he can grab like an airplane snatching mailbags. But how will he sleep? It's too bad if he don't light on his heels every time."

"Good Lord!" I cried. It was the first time I really realized the seriousness of the situation. How *were* we going to stop the professor?

"What's going on here?" It was Norm Morley, the chief of police. "Hey, you can't do that, professor! People have started phoning in. Quiet that thing down."

"It ain't a thing," the professor said. He was rattled enough to say "ain't." "It's me."

"By heaven, it is," Norm Morley said. He watched awhile, his head bobbing up and down. "Gets my neck just to watch," he said. "How do you do it, professor?"

"It's a military secret," I said.

"What's military about jumping up and down?"

"We better tell him," Ed said. So we did.

"Gosh all hemlock!" Norm said. "We can't let him get hurt! Be careful, professor! Ed, you get the fire department."

Pop Rackstraw, the fire chief, had to be told before he could even think. There was something about seeing the thing that somehow made it necessary for a newcomer to get used to it awhile. A bunch of kids had followed the fire truck, and that let the cat out of the bag. Everybody came running, and the firemen had to rig up a rope around the front of the barn so somebody wouldn't get in the professor's way and get hurt.

"Nope, no use monkeying with a ladder," Pop Rackstraw said, calculating. "Should of thought about that ten minutes ago, before he got so high. He's going thirty feet or better above the highest ladder we got. I can't do nothing. But," he said, "I could of, if it hadn't been cut from the appropriation."

"What?" I asked.

Pop Rackstraw glowered at Ike Hansen, the mayor. "The life net," he said. "I asked for it, and it was cut off the appropriation."

"Life net!" the mayor retorted. "What did you want of a life net? There's not a building in town over two stories, except the hotel, and it's fireproof!"

"All right," Pop Rackstraw said, nodding grimly. "But I told you the time would come when it would come in handy, didn't I?"

"They got one in Mapleton," somebody said. "Go over and borrow it."

I went along. It was twelve miles to Mapleton. Then Pop Rackstraw made the mistake of telling the Mapleton chief the truth. He told him he wanted to borrow the life net to catch a man who was bouncing up and down. Without going into harrowing detail, Mr. President, I will merely state that by the time we got the net, it couldn't be used. The professor was going up higher than any skyscraper ever built.

BUT, one good thing, he could relax now betweentimes. The strain was getting less. As soon as he got the hang of the wind currents, so he could come down in the same spot every time instead of landing in a tree or somewhere where he might get hurt, he relaxed the entire round trip, except just before the moment of impact.

Of course we couldn't talk to him any more. And if he had anything to say to us it had to be just a couple of words yelled at just the right time, because he was sure coming fast when he hit the concrete, and he sure went up in a hurry.

"He'll soon be out of sight," Ed said.

But I'd noticed that things were settling down, and I'd timed it awhile. The air resistance limited his speed of falling, and he was going up exactly the same distance every time now, because he was hitting the concrete with the same force and the air resistance equalized the additional bounce of the heels.

"Well, that's it, until the heels wear out," I said. "Just forty-three seconds to the bounce."

"He's going to get sleepy after awhile," Ed said. "We better give him some coffee to keep him awake."

We rigged a bottle of coffee on a line between two fishing poles, and the professor took it up with him next

"HARDTACK"
Reamer Keller

"I'm not groanin', Mom. It must be the scales."

trip. He sipped away at it while he bounced several times, then absent-mindedly tossed it aside when through, while at the top of his jump. When that bottle hit the concrete it shattered into dust.

"Sweep it off!" Pop Rackstraw yelled. "He might cut his feet!"

We next fixed a hamburger on the line, but the professor waved it aside.

"Thinking!" he yelled just before he bounced.

Then we saw him get pencil and pad from his pocket and begin writing. After he'd bounced a few times he tore off the sheet from the pad and tossed it down. I have pasted it here on the page for you to see:

> Have idea. Do not disturb. Elusive. If perfect quiet obtained am sure I can solve problem by sundown. Can something be done about the bluejays?
>
> RHOADES.

We noticed, then, that the bluejays were bothering him when on high. But there wasn't much we could do about them. We just had to hope for the best.

AND now, Mr. President, as I write this the sun is setting. It is a great round half ball on the western horizon. We have had additional reports from the professor in the form of notes, indicating progress. The town waits with bated breath. The fate of this nation and of the world for the next 1,000 years may well depend upon the problem now being threshed out in the mighty brain of the professor.

One moment, Mr. President! A great cry has gone up! A roar from every throat in Prairie Center!

LATER (next morning):

Dear Mr. President, you don't know how I feel as I sit down to complete this letter to you. I was going to tear it all up, but the townspeople have urged me to send it on to you. Perhaps you can do something. We can't.

When I wrote that a great shout had gone up, I ran from the office to the professor's laboratory. The sun was just sinking. Looking up as I ran, I saw that the professor was no longer sailing up into the sky. I was elated! He'd solved the problem!

Then, when I reached the barn, I found disaster. People were talking together in low awed tones.

"Where's the body?" I asked Norm Morley.

"Body? What body?"

"The professor, you fool!" I was in no mood for joking.

"Good heaven!" Norm cried. "Ain't you heard? The professor disappeared!"

"Disappeared? But everybody was watching him!"

"Well, you know how it goes. You sort of get used to anything, and don't pay it particular heed. We was sort of sitting around waiting for him to figure out his problem, and some of the women had gone home to fix supper, and then of a sudden somebody noticed he was overdue to bounce. And then—well, he just wasn't up there any more. He was gone."

Just then Wiley Hughes, the day policeman of our town force, came running up. "Norm!" he cried to the chief. "I just got a call from the state police! The professor's bouncing down the highway sixty mile an hour, and a menace to traffic!"

So we took out in chase. We wound the police car up to eighty-two and overtook the professor. This was too fast, Mr. President, considering the rubber situation; but, then, we were trying to protect the professor, who could get rubber for everybody out of the exhaust pipe of a Model T. We didn't know where he was heading, but we opened up the siren and made a way for him. He was only traveling, actually, a little better than forty miles an hour, making his progress by hitting the concrete road at an angle instead of perpendicular. The professor sure did have the knack. He's a smart guy.

WE made a way along the highway, wondering about what would happen after dark. It was getting pretty gloomy by the time we got down near the lake, and then of a sudden the professor bounced off the road and headed for the lake.

"He's going to suicide!" somebody yelled.

But he stopped in the swampy niggerheads at the lake shore, and bounced up and down there. Pretty soon—I was timing the bounces—I let out a yell. He'd solved the problem! On the soft spongy ground he was gradually wearing down. And within ten more minutes he came walking over to the car, barefoot. He'd thrown those shoes in the swamp.

And now, Mr. President, I must relate the awful portion of this letter. Here is the situation: The professor refuses to talk. The experience has been too horrible, and he won't discuss it in any way. He won't unleash such a product upon humankind. He gets irritated if you try to get his formula for just plain ordinary rubber. He says that *that* is so simple any child should figure it out, and he won't be pestered about it. He refuses to believe so simple a matter could be important. He won't even talk about it any more.

And the reason we are sending this to you, after all, Mr. President, is that we feel that if anybody in the world can do a thing, it is Franklin D. Roosevelt. We know you are a busy man; but we know that you have taken time out to send a doll to a little girl, and a pair of pants to a fat man, and to do other things outside your regular job; and we wondered if you could spare an afternoon sometime soon to solve the rubber situation. If you came here in person, the professor might talk to you. Maybe not; but again maybe you could get some sense into his thick head. I believe it might well be worth the gamble—don't you?

Resptly, yr hmble & obt svt,

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

THE END

HANDKERCHIEF TEST PROVES VITAL ZONE
Spotless
NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU SMOKE IT
STOP
GOO
WDC
HESSON GUARD
MILANO $1
NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD
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Choking, gasping, wheezing Bronchial Asthma attacks poison your system, ruin your health and put a load on your heart. Thousands quickly and easily palliate recurring choking, gasping Bronchial Asthma symptoms with a doctor's prescription called **Mendaco** to help nature remove thick strangling excess mucus and promote freer breathing and restful sleep. **Mendaco is not a smoke, dope or injection.** Just pleasant tasteless tablets. Iron clad guarantee—money back unless satisfactory. **Mendaco is only 60c at druggists.**

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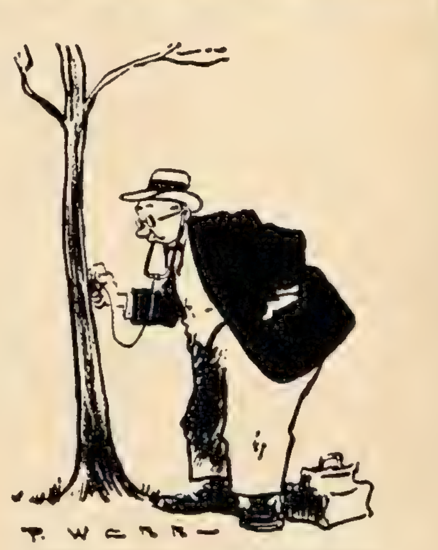

Said a tree surgeon named
Mr. Trimm,
"We'll put Hitler right
out on a limb
If a full 10 percent
Of our earnings are
spent
To spray enough bombs
over him!"

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

OFFICIAL U. S. COAST GUARD PHOTO

Man the guns! Men of the Coast Guard aboard a patrol vessel in the Pacific.

I HAVE been in the Army over two years. Now I am a cadet in the Preflight School at the San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center. Sarge, I have been through the roughest kind of maneuvers, I was a damned good soldier and a damned good sergeant, and I can take anything the upper-classmen here can dish out. But here's what galls me. We are supposed to be in training to help win this war, and what happens? Our evening studies are interrupted at the whim of any upper-classman who cares to put us in a "brace," as they call it. We must snap to attention every time one enters our barracks; we must recite silly life histories for their amusement; we must jump off sidewalks at their approach.

All this, mind you, during our study periods or little free time. These upper-classmen have been in the Army all of two months or less, and you know how it makes a former platoon sergeant feel to be given commands on the wrong foot from a recruit who is supposed to be an instructor. Then this same rookie can come up to you as you're beginning to see the light in a tough mathematical problem and tell you to stand in a "brace" as long as he pleases. Isn't that a helluva way to win the war? It's kid stuff. A Post order forbids "hazing," but it seems to be ignored. All of us ex-doughboys feel that you can help to remedy the situation—maybe not in time to change things for us, but at least in time to do the next class some good.

Ex-Sarge.

Kid stuff is right. I've taken my own share of hazing, and I've done my share, too, but not at the expense of men who had all too little time to get their jobs done in wartime. I don't mean short-sheeting and harmless monkey business of that sort—I mean depriving a man of working time he needs. Maybe the printing of your letter will bring the situation to the attention of the authorities who can put a stop to the foolishness.

* * *

Christmas is just around the corner and I'm a coupla thousand miles from home. The usual furlough is fifteen days, of which train or bus travel will take almost half. Why not make up lists of service men with furloughs and destinations, give them to every U. S. Army Air Force field where a plane is going to move at least 500 miles between December 1 and 23, and fill those planes? I've got that dollar they charge for a parachute. Hello, mom—???

Pfc. D. K., Albuquerque, N. M.

The Army thought of that plan long before you did, soldier. It's been in operation for years. At the discretion of the C. O. or Operations Officer of an Army Air Base, military personnel may travel in Army planes when space is available. The catch is that men traveling under orders must always have preference, even at the last moment; also, just how much space is going to be available is seldom known far in advance; and it would practically take second sight on a man's part to get his timing right so as to save time and not waste it. You've got to have that parachute, too.

* * *

I can find nothing in regulations to indicate whether or not a warrant officer is entitled to the salute. I understand that flight officers, who are warrant officers, junior grade, are extended the same courtesies rendered commissioned officers, but does this apply to all W. O.s?

D. F. M., Spence Field, Ga.

Enlisted men are not required to salute warrant officers, but many do so either from choice or because of the difficulty of distinguishing between commissioned officers' and warrant officers' insignia at any distance. Whenever that happens it's common courtesy for the warrant officer to return the man's salute, just as a civilian responds to the polite salutation of another civilian. There is, in fact, no regulation to prohibit enlisted men from exchanging salutes if they wish to do so, and I've seen two old noncoms, friends of long standing, greet each other with the sharpest salutes you'd want to see—and mean them.

* * *

Our Post Commander proved how far he's out for total defense when he drove up to headquarters the other morning. Instead of the usual shining steel bumpers, his car had oak bumpers with the slogan "Bumpers for Bombers" painted on them. Now that he's started it, most of the other cars at the Post sport oak bumpers too. Let's all get into the drive and bomb the Axis with our "Bumpers for Bombers."

Sgt. M. T. S., Lubbock, Tex.

That's the spirit! Let's all do it, if we own cars. Oak bumpers ought to be all right at thirty-five miles per, anyway.

* * *

How about tipping off potential service men to bring six to ten coat hangers with them to camp? They're usually very hard to obtain in camp. Also, that an old toothbrush works wonders on a rifle and can cut down some of the time spent with G. I. brushes.

J. C. M., 2d Lt. Inf.,
Fort McClellan, Ala.

No sooner said than done, Lieutenant. Thousands of men will thank you for those hints. I'll be glad to print any other "inside stuff" that's not to be found in books or directives usually available to prospective Army and Navy men.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

VIA U. S. SUB TO JAPAN—AND BACK!

Continued from Page 7

bet on that. And any official message of that type, if it were not true, would most certainly cause international explosions.

The exec looked a little white.

I thought: There goes my trip.

I flashed the radio room to pick up Honolulu broadcasting stations and began blinking the planes.

For some reason they were paying no attention.

"Come on, dive," said Jack's blinker.

"War, war, war," said our radio.

I yelled, "Clear the bridge!"

We prepared to dive. Remember, we didn't know what was happening. Any moment a Jap convoy might steam over the horizon.

I suddenly realized the planes were not tuned in on our radio.

I blinked to the planes:

"For God's sake get back to Pearl! This is war." The planes wavered and straightened out.

"All Honolulu stations leaving the air," said the radio room. "Last station reports, 'This is an air raid. Remain in your homes.' "

From somewhere far at sea a piping query came: "Is this a drill, Pearl Harbor?"

Pearl Harbor came back, staccato, abrupt:

"This is not a drill. Repeat: *not* a drill."

The station went silent.

The planes straightened out for Pearl in a roaring line. They got in too late. And a good thing, too. They'd have run directly into the Jap fire. They were equipped for practice and not for war.

We dropped the Eel far down into the ocean. Word had gone through the sub that we were at war. But the men refused to believe. They were ready for Christmas at home.

AT noon I went to the crew's quarters while they were at lunch. It was hard to tell them. But they sensed what was coming.

"The Japs have bombed Pearl," I said. "It's the real McCoy. We are now at war. And we know we'll come through."

They didn't say a word.

Mine was a fine crew. We had run up a record in target practice. I was a hard taskmaster at sea and tried to be generous ashore.

"You have done the finest job ever seen in practice," I told them. "Pay attention to your jobs and we'll all come through."

The radio flashed word to us to stay on patrol and rendezvous with other warships.

It was tough out there, not knowing what was happening at Pearl. Our first thought was that Pearl had been taken over by the Japs, and I was worrying plenty about where to get fuel to go home.

Our second thought was that Pearl had done a great job and had wiped out the Japanese invading force.

Whichever way it was, the navy had more to do than to let us know about it. We stayed out there below the surface and sweated.

The Japs were sending out false messages. That made it more confusing.

"Put a bubble in her."

I snapped it at the diving officer. Might as well go up and rendezvous as sit here below the surface and wonder.

It was midnight. The sea rolled in a black oily swell beneath us. I could smell the good clean salt water bubbling beneath.

Lookouts stood fore and aft. There was nothing around us but the pitch-black Pacific.

"Blinker astern." It was the lookout reporting. I cleared the bridge in one big hurry and got ready to dunk. It was risky business feeling around in the dark for a rendezvous. I suppose the other skippers were just as nervous.

I was listening hard for noise close aboard. Any moment I expected a Jap destroyer to pin us in his searchlight. I risked a recognition signal on the blinker. The answer shot back promptly from the horizon.

But even so, I was cautious. For all I knew, the Japs now had our code books in Pearl, had records of radio messages, and had sent destroyers out to pick us off like ducks in a shooting gallery.

THEN the ships loomed up against the sky. I recognized the silhouettes. American ships. We closed and blinked again.

We fell into formation and headed for Pearl.

Our trip home and Christmas were gone for good.

I've heard a lot of navy men tell how they felt when they saw our great Hawaiian naval base lying there burnt to a crisp. For my own part, even today I can't explain just how I felt. A feeling of hot anger? A feeling of despair? It's hard to say. Both, I suppose.

We came running down the channel. Hickam Field lay smoking alongside. The Arizona, that we had last seen in fleet maneuvers, was belching black fumes, wrecked. The Utah was there. The Shaw, with her bow blown to hell.

Every turn brought a new piece of wreckage into view. The water was oily and black, filled with debris of the raid. A wrecked Jap plane on the shore was small comfort after the Arizona. Our fleet was built around the battle wagons. And in those days we thought they were invincible. Well, now we know better.

I think most of all Pearl changed our values. A seaman marched up to me and said flatly, "Captain, when can we get after the ——s?"

That's something for a seaman to say to a commander! But it didn't seem strange to me then.

The exec was on the bridge. We nearly ran down a ferry on the way in. That was enough in the old days to lose you plenty of numbers. We didn't give it a thought. I jumped ashore before the lines were fast. The division commander was on the dock. His face was lined. I don't suppose he'd slept.

"How soon can you be ready to go?"

"Go where?" I said.

"Japan."

I knew right then we were in for it. That was a long patrol, longer than the Germans are making today. But you don't make remarks like that. He knew. I didn't have to tell him what he was asking. He didn't have to tell me he knew.

"Forty-eight hours."

I SENT the crew ashore to pick up every candy bar, every record, all the games they could lay their hands on. We began pumping heavy oil into our tanks and loading food into the refrigerators.

I wasn't afraid, you understand. But Japan is the long patrol. I didn't know when we'd get back. Or if we'd get back. And I wanted that trip as comfortable as we could make it.

The Eel was a late-type submarine. She had been launched on the West Coast in a driving rainstorm, so hard that it had driven the sponsors to cover. She was a seagoing sub all right, launched with water on top and water below.

We cast her loose in the afternoon, hawsers rattling from her black sides as we drew away.

All of the crew are below decks. It is the last time they will see sunlight for many weeks. Submarine patrol does not allow sun baths on the dripping black deck. When we dive, we dive in a hurry. If anybody is caught above the hatch, that's tough luck.

We don't wear life jackets in the submarine service.

The Diesels are humming a tune that means everything is sound in the engines. Our food is frozen or canned. When we get back every man of us will have lost from ten to twenty pounds, and we'll be whitened from lack of sun. We surface only at night to recharge batteries and air banks.

Every man takes a daily tour under the sun lamp, and we gulp a handful of vitamin pills at every meal.

We are out of Pearl Harbor now and we dive at dawn. Our land-based pilots are mad as hell, buzzing over the surface like bees around an overturned hive.

All submarines look possible enemies to them. They'd just as soon let go a ton of high explosive and ask questions afterward.

So we stay well below the surface. That's the submarine's answer when everybody is your enemy.

There's no time to blink recognition signals when death is diving on you at four miles a minute out of the overcast. We dunk and pray.

We take a chance in what we think are safer waters and surface at daytime for speed. Our glasses sweep the long roll of the Pacific and each look-

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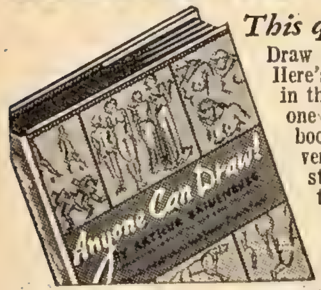
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out watches a sector of sky and sea. Within a few minutes I hear the lookout's cry:

"Aircraft astern coming down out of the sun."

I yell, "Clear the bridge!"—damning myself for a fool to come up in daylight. God knows we don't know where the Japs are. Probably this aircraft is a Jap scout plane from a cruiser, and tonight we'll be a strip of medal ribbon on the chest of Hirohito's favorite son.

We fall down the hatch. One foot lands on the plates and one on somebody else's foot. The hatch bangs shut.

Through the ship the klaxon diving alarm shrieks a raucous warning. I yell to the diving officer, "Take her down in a hurry!"

We are dropping fast, white water pouring through our superstructure in a nice soapsuds wake that makes a wonderful target for the aviator above. Ten, twenty, forty feet. I can feel the back of my legs tense and aching, waiting for the bomb. I press the button and the hollow gong for battle stations rings through the ship.

Word is paralleled on the phones: "All hands man battle stations submerged."

We are dropping steeply, seeking safety blindly beneath the surface. Time passes and we relax. Slowly, slowly the ache goes from the back of the legs.

We make a couple of zig-zags and come up, sweeping the horizon with a cautious periscope.

The sky is clear, but a bird, a sea tern, is skimming the waves. He looks at me reproachfully through the magnifying periscope. Not a plane in sight.

I tell the diving officer, "Put a bubble in her." And we surface again.

It was the tern, of course, that dived on us. Those straight wings sliding down the sea-air currents look for all the world like a plane. Before two more days have passed we dive for an albatross that looks like a four-motored bomber, and a few days later the lookouts identify the star Venus in the early morning as a high-flying plane.

It looks like it, too. You can even see the wings.

But better dunk than be sorry. We have no time to look up silhouettes on our identification charts.

My crew is made up of tough trained men. Every one is a veteran of maneuvers which we are to carry out now with war heads on our torpedoes. We are hot to get at the target as we make the long, lonely run across the Pacific.

Our mission is to harry the Japanese harbor outlets. We are to carry the war to the enemy.

TONIGHT we surfaced into a school of six-inch fish and ten of them come flopping through the hatch, with a dozen more on deck. Fresh fish for breakfast tomorrow.

While some of the crew sleep in the forward torpedo room, others are reading at the mess tables or playing the phonograph. It is grinding out Give Me My Boots and Saddle. Cowboy songs and Western thriller magazines are favorites with our boys. We dress casually. Officers and men are very close.

We do our laundry in our own washing machine and hang the clothes in the motor rooms to dry. Our Diesels are smooth-running. There is less vibration than there is in the new streamlined trains.

We eat at twelve noon and change the watch. This is the relaxation period for the off-watch standers and time for the sun lamp. We eat again at five thirty and at dark we surface with a rush of white water pouring through our superstructure and a dash of salt water in the face for the first man up the ladder. The officer of the deck and lookouts in heavy-weather clothing man the bridge for night surface patrol.

We are close in now, and I take a last turn on the bridge before turning in. Over us is a limitless bowl of sky and around us a thousand miles of ocean. It is lonely and invigorating. Our submarine pulses on—beat, beat, beat—under a million stars.

MY blankets are just under the bridge on the steel plates of the circular conning tower. I am squeezed between the bulkhead and the periscope, sleeping in a half circle that can be changed only by getting up and reversing my position.

I have poor sight adaptability, so I cannot afford time to adjust my eyes to the dark. If I sleep in my quarters, I have to come through the light to the bridge.

You know how it is when you go to a show during the afternoon and stumble over people while you look for a seat? If your adaptability is good, you recover as quickly as forty-five seconds. Some people take two or three minutes to regain night vision.

It seems that I have just fallen asleep in the dark-greenish glow of the gyro-repeater in the conning tower when I hear the officer of the deck call down:

"Call the captain."

I hit the deck with a rush, slipping on my leather slippers and pulling on a submarine jacket as I swing up the ladder. Ahead of us the breaking dawn is lighting the snow-capped mountains.

This is the coast of Japan.

I watch through the glasses as the tops turn rose and the sun rises behind us on a wind-whipped sea. I would like to stay here and feel the sun on my shoulders. But we are in enemy waters.

"Better pull the cork," I say to the diving officer. We pile down the ladder as I yell to him, "Take her down!"

We submerge for the greatest big-game hunt in the world—to hunt and be hunted.

This submarine skipper's account of that "big-game hunt" in Japanese waters will be continued in Liberty next week.

THIS WEEK

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

IF YOU READ Elswyth Thane's serial, From This Day Forward, which ran in Liberty last spring, you won't need any urging to begin on her new one, Dawn's Early Light, in this issue. Besides being a first-rate storyteller, she takes infinite pains to be authentic in depicting historic characters and background. For Dawn's Early Light she thoroughly familiarized herself with Williamsburg as it was during the American Revolution, and her notebooks are full of maps showing the terrain covered in the campaign in the Carolinas, photographs of the swamp country through which her hero, Julian, had to go, and pictures of costumes of the period. Miss Thane also likes to pick counterparts of her characters from real life, and in her notebooks pastes pictures of stage and movie stars and other persons in the public eye, which helps her to visualize her story people.

BUT NOT ONLY AUTHORS take infinite pains to create reality in their work. Ernest Hamlin Baker, the artist who made this week's cover, had almost to blast his way into the Brooklyn Navy Yard—and out again!—to get the dope on a submarine periscope so as to obtain the "feel" of the actual circumstances for his picture. Note his reproduction of the "finding lines" engraved on the glass eyepiece of a periscope.

A SIGHT OF THE WEEK: A trampish old dame seated on the same park bench with an elderly elegant banker-clubman-looking gentleman, and greeting him with, "Well, we're getting together at last, ain't we?"

THE EDITORS

NEXT WEEK

DECEMBER 19, 1942

IN DEFENSE OF BRASS HATS—BY ONE OF THEM

They are, of course, those swivel-chair army officers in Washington who are targets for editorial critics and radio commentators. They refuse, we're told and told, to admit that air power alone will win, to dispense with red tape, etc., etc. Until now they've been taking it on the chin and keeping mum. Now one of them—anonymously but authentically—speaks out. What he says will at least go far toward renewing your respect for them.

PROPHET OF TOMORROW

He rolled automobiles off cliffs—and proved his point that steel bodies were better than wooden ones. He built the first stainless-steel airplane, shocked his bankers by talking streamlined trains, and making them. Now, at seventy-one, he is manufacturing war goods and planning for a new America after the war. J. R. Ratcliff tells the amazing story of this Philadelphian, Edward G. Budd, who has always been ahead of the times—and still is; who all his life has had to wait for others to catch up with him.

A WAR WE HAVEN'T WON

The feeling has got abroad that we have tuberculosis licked. But we haven't, says Morris Markey in a timely and revealing article on the prevention and treatment of the dread disease that, in the last four years, has killed more Americans than our country has lost in *all* of her wars. Our wariness has been dulled by complacency, and here are facts to smash that complacency and put us on guard again to protect ourselves and our children.

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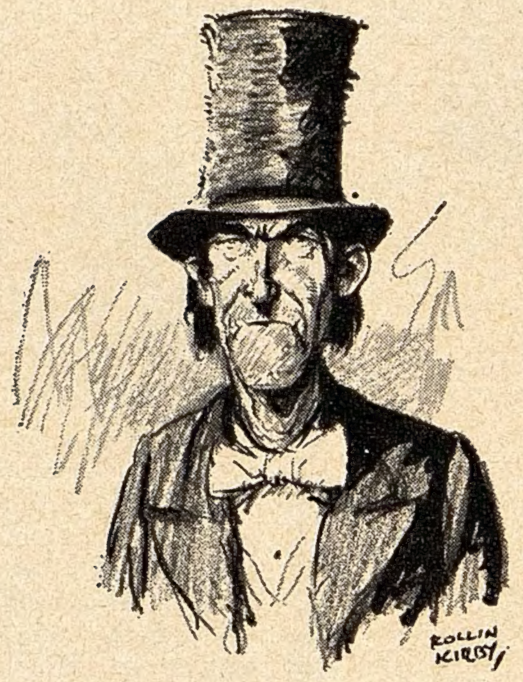
THE STOVEPIPE HAT IS IN AGAIN



IT must puzzle Americans to find their Congress again seriously debating prohibition.

We tried it once, going whole hog. For thirteen long years we put the drys' theories to the test. America did not turn out to be the heaven on earth they said it would.

The sad results of the Eighteenth Amendment convinced most of us that it is futile to try to regulate the personal habits of the majority in accordance with the ideas of a minority.

But the drys themselves remain not only unconvinced but as determined as ever to mind the business of all the rest of us. When it comes to being a real die-hard, the bone-dry prohibitionist is in a class by himself.

This would be all right, and possibly even serve to liven things up a bit, if the drys would spend their fervor trying to convert more of the voters to their way of thinking. But the individual citizen figures little in the strategy of the prohibition forces. Their guns are trained on Congress, and the pressure is relentlessly applied. Cajolery, browbeating, and threats are used freely to force the introduction and support of dry legislation in one form or another whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Backing up the dry lobby in Washington and giving substance to the threats are the small but extremely militant prohibition organizations throughout the country. At the drop of a hat they wheel into line and apply pressure to wavering congressmen more terrific than their actual numbers warrant.

We know from sad experience how effective is this method—but it is not the democratic way to operate. It is particularly bad at this time when, in a number of the countries of the world, organized minorities are forcing their will on majorities.

Aside from the fact that their methods are wrong, the theories and ideas of the drys do not stand up under analysis.

They say liquor should be banned because people injure themselves and even die from drinking too much of it. On this basis we should also ban automobiles, stairways, and bathtubs. People injure and kill themselves in even greater numbers because of these.

Alcoholism is said to produce poverty and slums, but it's at least an even bet it's the other way round—that poverty and slums produce alcoholism. We cannot recall the drys ever raising their voices in support of a plan to abolish poverty or slums.

They are blind to all means of improving the lot of mankind except their pet method of dictating what he may pour down his throat.

It is unlikely the American people will ever return willingly to the bathtub gin, the racketeering, and the civic corruption which marked the Volstead era. Even when it was forbidden to them, Americans insisted on the refreshing glass when work is done, the mellow glow of the Christmas eggnog, the friendly beverage which toasts success, seals the bargain, speeds the journey, welcomes the return, and oils the gears of human contacts. They would not willingly forgo these things, and the drys know it.

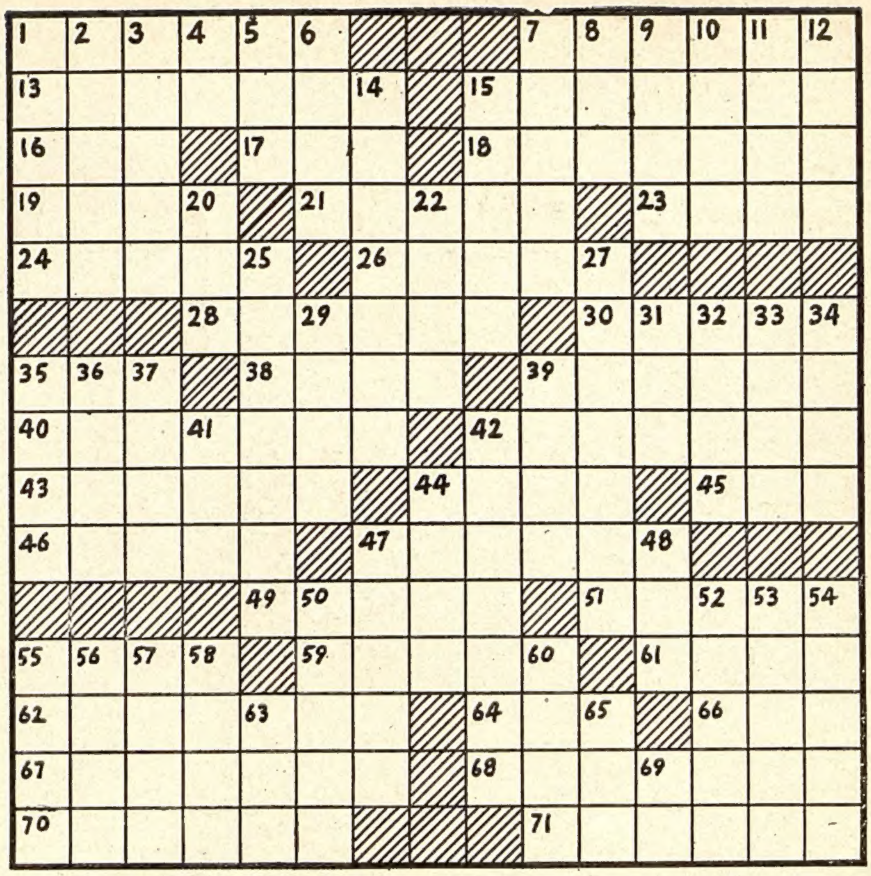
That's why the prohibitionists choose to work toward their objective by pressure applied in places where it will do the most good rather than the truly democratic procedure of bringing a majority of the people around to their way of thinking. They know the American people don't want prohibition. Yet they insist upon trying to give it to us.

We must watch out or they might succeed again.

Paul Hunter

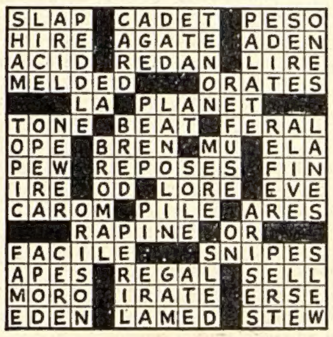
Cockeyed Crosswords

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 You've got to lick lots of them at one dime to win the war
7 The miser was so tight he allowed his kids to have only this (med.)
13 Shakespearean gent sadly in need of groceries
15 Germany wins these but never wars
16 Apartment cramped for space
17 He thought he fooled his wife, but she really did this, the deer old ass
18 Act of spreading with the old schmaltz
19 The party after 2 A. M.
21 They're fit to be tied
23 Cross word, churchy
24 Bull, as in newspapers
26 They sure are wild these days (It.)
28 The double cross
30 Well known joint for carpenters
35 Three sibilant razzberries
38 Skipper No. 1
39 Where the horse and buggy have supplanted the motorcar
40 He hunts Japs with a bird on his shoulder
42 It can cause lockjaw
43 "Fish and guests smell after three days," "Handsome is as handsome does," etc.
44 It's very smart
45 Old snake hips—is he all wet!
46 Bring things to a point
47 Venomate
49 The boozer lifted this high
51 Address them care of Tokyo or Berlin
55 Japancestors
59 He was a Marked man for McKinley
61 The Woods Hotel
62 Dirty bathroom songbird
64 Ozone subways
66 Kind of kanga
67 They're all a-twitter about Baltimore
68 The sad sag
70 Its song is Home, Home on the Range
71 Snazzy


SLAP CADET PESO
HIRE AGATE ADEN
ACID REDAN LIRE
MELDED ORATES
LA PLANET
TONE BEAT FERAL
OPE BREN MU ELA
PEW REPOSES FIN
IRE OD LORE EVE
CAROM PILE ARES
RAPINE OR
FACILE SNIPES
APES REGAL SELL
MORO IRATE ERSE
EDEN LAMED STEW

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 What American soldiers don't do easily
2 Animal that comes to a point
3 Flower of American aristocracy
4 Mackerel Snappers (abbr.)
5 Mudlark
6 How Jap admirals feel these days
7 She was only King Arthur's lady, but she wore the old —— panse!
8 Yes, yes—go on! (abbr.)
9 This is usually followed around Brooklyn by a boy
10 Undershe sunshade
11 Lion-hearted popes
12 The quite puzzled slave
14 An old timer
15 Nickname for a famous Little Flower
20 Pig stealer
22 What the hen said when she laid the square egg
25 They go up and down a hall, are always underfoot
27 Kind of educational food—it broadens one, girls!
29 A nose with a little twist at the end; engees
31 Another old timer
32 Shakespeare's most valued possession
33 You sure get trimmed with it
34 Girl often seen home
35 Git goin', Tom!
36 Drugstore Tom Collins
37 Intercept a forward pass (fem.)
39 Forward speed, horsepower
41 I, backward
42 It ain't so wide but it's awful deep! (German)
44 A good slug
47 What little puppies are full of
48 Send food downstairs through an upstairs entrance
50 An unromantic number
52 He couldn't stand his own playing, so he committed suicide (pl.)
53 Is wise to
54 Kind of stares you get around the Sphinx
55 How Ethiopians make Italians run
56 —— as snow
57 What editors don't do to their wives' speeches
58 Machine causing nickel shortage
60 Mr. Smarty-pants
63 Modest amount (German)
65 Home of the best American Playing Cards (abbr.)
69 Rat exterminator (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

AMERICA IS SMOKING *MORE**

* Government figures show all-time peak in smoking

And far more Americans are wisely smoking PHILIP MORRIS!

Doctors report, in medical journals, that:

EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT DUE TO SMOKING, CLEARED UP COMPLETELY—OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED . . . WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS!

No claim is made of any curative power in PHILIP MORRIS. *BUT*—this evidence clearly proves PHILIP MORRIS far less irritating for nose and throat—therefore better *for* you. Try them!

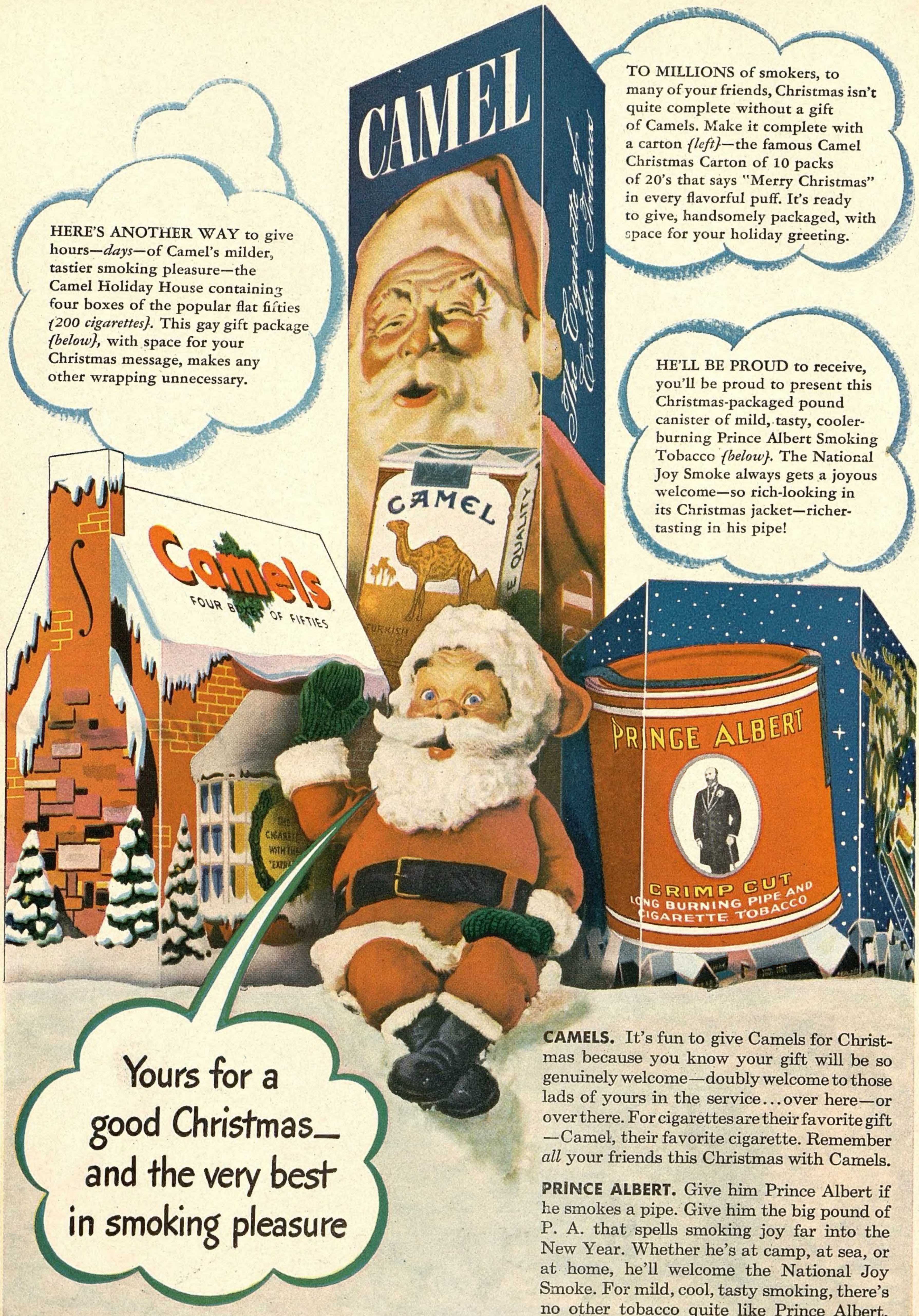
And do they taste GOOD!

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM

SKY-PASSENGERS *on Pan American Clippers are served with America's FINEST Cigarette!*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette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FOUR BOXES OF FIFTIES
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND
CIGARETTE TOBACCO
Yours for a good Christmas— and the very best in smoking pleasure

HERE'S ANOTHER WAY to give hours—*days*—of Camel's milder, tastier smoking pleasure—the Camel Holiday House containing four boxes of the popular flat fifties *(200 cigarettes)*. This gay gift package *(below)*, with space for your Christmas message, makes any other wrapping unnecessary.

TO MILLIONS of smokers, to many of your friends, Christmas isn't quite complete without a gift of Camels. Make it complete with a carton *(left)*—the famous Camel Christmas Carton of 10 packs of 20's that says "Merry Christmas" in every flavorful puff. It's ready to give, handsomely packaged, with space for your holiday greeting.

HE'LL BE PROUD to receive, you'll be proud to present this Christmas-packaged pound canister of mild, tasty, cooler-burning Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco *(below)*. The National Joy Smoke always gets a joyous welcome—so rich-looking in its Christmas jacket—richer-tasting in his pipe!

CAMELS. It's fun to give Camels for Christmas because you know your gift will be so genuinely welcome—doubly welcome to those lads of yours in the service...over here—or over there. For cigarettes are their favorite gift—Camel, their favorite cigarette. Remember *all* your friends this Christmas with Camels.

PRINCE ALBERT. Give him Prince Albert if he smokes a pipe. Give him the big pound of P. A. that spells smoking joy far into the New Year. Whether he's at camp, at sea, or at home, he'll welcome the National Joy Smoke. For mild, cool, tasty smoking, there's no other tobacco quite like Prince Albert.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.